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## Tableau de la Litterature pendant le dix-huitième Siécle, 1813.

[A late number of the British Review contains a very elaborate review of this interesting little work, but, like most of the articles in that journal, it is of such an unconscionable length that though strongly tempted to reprint the whole of it, we feel ourselves compelled to be satisfied with extracting that part of it in which the characters and opinions of Voltaire and of Montesquieu are discussed.]

The new century opens with Voltaire, who was the earliest as well as the most renowned of its literary chiefs. Our author has employed near twenty pages in discussing the character and works of this singular person; and we wish it were possible to present his observations unbroken to our readers, as they certainly supply by far the ablest and most candid estimate of that extraordinary writer with which we are acquainted. But we must be satisfied with giving a few extracts.

"In the midst of academical honours, and the early triumphs of Vol. IV. New Series. 23

youth, there was growing up a man destined to reap a large part of the glory of this century, to receive its complete impression, and to be, as it were, its representative; so that, but a little more, and he had given his name to it. Undoubtedly nature had endowed Voltaire with the most astonishing faculties; undoubtedly such vigour of understanding was not entirely the result of education and circumstances; yet might it not be shown that the direction of these talents was constantly determined by the opinions of the time; and that the object of succeeding and pleasing, the main spring of almost all writers, governed Voltaire in every moment of his life? Never was any person more formed to vield from susceptibility to such impressions. His genius offers, as it seems to me, the singular phenomenon of a man ordinarily destitute of that faculty of the mind which we call reflection, and, at the same time, endowed in the highest degree with the power of feeling and expressing with the most marvellous vivacity. This was unquestionably the cause both of his successes and of his faults. This manner of seeing every thing in a single point of view, and of yielding himself to the immediate impression which an object produces, without thinking of those which it might produce in different circumstances, has multiplied the contradictions into which Voltaire has fallen; has often hurried him far away from truth and reason; has injured the plan of his works and their perfection as a whole. But this\* complete surrender of himself to the impression of the moment, this impetuosity of feeling, this irritability so delicate and so lively, produced that pathos, that irresistible attraction, that vivacity of eloquence and pleasantry, that constant grace which flows with an unbounded facility; and when reason and truth happen to be dressed in these brilliant decorations, they acquire the most seducing charms; they seem to have started into existence without an effort, all glittering with native light and beauty; and the writer who thus exhibits them leaves far behind him all those who have sought them out by reflection, examination, and experience." P. 37, 38.

Voltaire was disposed, in early life, to be respectful to existing authorities, and was not far removed from the character of a courtier. It was not till the applauses of the theatre had given him confidence, and the paltry persecutions of some dignitaries in church and state had irritated his most irritable nature, that he assumed that tone of entire levity and bitter sarcasm which became afterwards habitual to him. Indeed, it is impossible to be acquainted with his writings without discovering that his taste and dispositions adapted him much better to the sphere of a court, and the polite circles of a luxurious metropolis, than the simple and stern temper of a republic. His genius was monarchical; he was a poet and a wit; he became a philosopher, or tried to become one, only from vanity, and a sort of necessity imposed upon him

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<sup>\*</sup> Orig. Cet abandon entier à son impression.

by the circumstances of his life. After noticing some of the leading features of his history, our author proceeds thus:

"The more Voltaire advanced in his career, the more he found himself surrounded with applause and homage. Sovereigns became his friends and even his flatterers. Envy and hatred in opposing his triumphs excited his indignation. Their continual resistance gave stil more vivacity to his character, and made him frequently forget moderation, decency, and good taste. Such was his life; such was the course which conducted him to that long old age which he might have rendered so honourable: when encircled with a prodigious glory he reigned despotically in letters, which had themselves assumed the first rank among the objects which attract the curiosity and attention of men. It is melancholy that Voltaire did not perceive how much dignity and lustre he might have acquired by availing himself of the advantages of such a position, and pursuing the conduct which it seemed to prescribe to him. It is afflicting to behold him yielding to the torrent of a degraded age, and plunging in a base cynickism, which, whatever be its apologies in youth, forms a revolting contrast to white hairs, the symbols of wisdom and purity. What spectacle is more sad than that of an old man insulting the Deity in the moment when he is about to call him hence, and repelling the respect of the young by participating their excesses." P. 41, 42.

"Often in the midst of the scandalous inebriation in which he seemed to be plunged by vanity and the desire of influencing the age in which he lived, he had returns of reason: he wished to resist in some things the impulse in which he had shared, and to which he had given increased activity. In his latter works, in the midst of that perpetual variation of opinions and systems, of those assertions always positive and incessantly contradicting each other, one finds at times reflections full of profound sense—a just appreciation of the miserable spirit which reigned around him. It is then that one regrets to find in him that perpetual mobility, that absence of reflection, and, above all, that immense passion for success and the mode of his day. He alone, armed with all the powers of his mind, might have retarded a little the course of those menacing opinions which were accumulating on every side, and which, opposed with feebleness or insincerity, acquired

fresh strength from that powerless resistance." P. 42, 43.

It is impossible not to pause for a moment on a character such as that which has been delineated; equally singular and instructive. We all recollect the old and eloquent description of man, "a being of large discourse, looking before and after." Voltaire answered sufficiently well to the first half of the portrait, but he had no sort of resemblance to the other. He was semivir. His avidity for enjoyment, and his habitual disregard of the future, made him in truth a child through life. Such he is described by cotemporary writers, and such he proved himself to be in every feature of his character; by his inextinguishable gayety, and his ridiculous irritability; by the exquisite playfulness which gave

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life to his productions on the verge of fourscore, and by that last sally of literary vanity which snapped the feeble thread that sustained his earthly existence. Voltaire seems to have been entirely the slave of present feelings; the consequences of his conduct to himself or others never disturbed him: and this is the moral definition of childishness. But, unhappily, that entire thoughtlessness which, allied to the weakness and ignorance of youth, is pardoned and even loved; when combined with mature knowledge, and with faculties and passions fully developed, assumes a very different character. The gambols of the kitten are amusing, but not so the bounds of the tiger. The childish vanity, the childish irritability, the childish love of pleasure, which were characteristic of Voltaire from his earliest years to his late decline, were all thought to be very entertaining by his friends, who, with less excuse perhaps from natural temper, were for the most part just as careless of consequences as himself. But mark the effects. Vanity tempted him to hazard a few sallies against churchmen. The clergy noticed them, and he was banished. Provoked by the persecution of those whom he despised, what was at first only mirth rankled into hatred. The spirit of his age and country encouraged him. His passion for literary applause allied itself to his resentments. The gratification he felt in indulging his talents for pleasantry was irresistible. He attacked every thing, he ridiculed every thing, he sported with every thing. Nothing so sacred, nothing so venerable, nothing so useful or necessary, as to be secure from his merriment. By degrees he grew almost serious in his folly. He aspired to the glory of crushing that infamous\* religion which was proclaimed by angels from heaven, with the song of glory to God and good will towards men: and he enjoys the bad preëminence of having contributed indirectly, more perhaps than any other man, to the revolution in France, and all its wasteful results in Europe. But we turn gladly from the man to his writings.

"After having examined the conduct and general character of Voltaire, we may proceed to speak more particularly of his works. Their merit has been a hundred times discussed and disputed. Almost always received with enthusiasm by the public, they at the same time met with obstinate opponents and enemies, and the spirit of party has always prevailed in the judgment pronounced upon them. Half a century has elapsed, and the reputation of Voltaire is still like the body of Patroclus, disputed between two parties who are animated against each other. Such a contest would alone suffice to perpetuate the glory of that name. Some men have made themselves famous by defending him; others have gained celebrity solely by having pertinaciously attacked him. In this protracted conflict the glory of Voltaire has undoubtedly not preserved all its original splendour. It is no longer

<sup>\*</sup> Ecrasez l'infame-was the common watchword of the philosopher.

that national enthusiasm, that admiration equal to what the heroes and benefactors of mankind have inspired; it is no longer that triumph which was decreed him on the last day of his life, whilst he was descending into the tomb. A colder and more measured judgment has enfeebled these passionate emotions. But there is something idle and ridiculous in the endeavours of those who labour to blast entirely the honours of Voltaire. A sufficient space of time has elapsed to entitle us to consider the judgment of posterity as pronounced." P. 43, 44.

This little summary is followed by a more detailed examination of Voltaire's productions, and the criticism is so good that we have

unwillingly passed it over with a general eulogy.

Voltaire acquired his earliest celebrity as a dramatic writer, and perhaps he will owe his reputation, in future ages, chiefly to his In his first pieces (our author observes) he imitated his predecessors. Œdipe and Mariamne were composed in the style of Corneille and Racine. At length the impatience of his genius broke through those shackles, and then appeared Zayre, with its faults, which have been so often assailed, and its beauties, which so entirely redeem them. It is here that Voltaire impressed the stamp of his talents as a tragedian. It is not the perfection and melody of Racine. It is not the lofty imagination and simplicity of Corneille; and yet there is something which one does not find in either of them, and the absence of which may be re-There is a certain warmth of passion, a complete self abandonment, a vivacity of feeling, which carries us away and awakens profound emotion, a grace which charms and which subdues.

We have already made a few remarks on the French drama, and the complaints made by Englishmen of its deficiency in interest. If we wished to justify the opinions of our countrymen by a single and decisive experiment, we should request an impartial person, thoroughly acquainted with both languages, to compare Zayre and Othello. The former is celebrated, perhaps, above all other specimens of the French theatre, for its passion and depth of feeling. "If any thing," says the writer of the Tableau, "can give the idea of an author perfectly transported with passion and poetry, it is a work such as Zayre." Unquestionably it is a very fine collection of verses; the speech of Lusignan when he discovers that his daughter has renounced her faith, is one of the noblest effusions of passionate declamation extant in any language, and the concluding scene is very affecting. This conclusion, however, Voltaire manifestly imitated from Shakspeare; and it is one of the instances in which he was content to enrich his soil by borrowing from that grand fermier, (as he was pleased to call him,) without acknowledging the obligation. In taste, correctness, and spirited declamation, Zayre is above Othello; it is not without merits of a higher kind; and it exercises some influence over the feelings. But for that powerful magic which opens all the springs of emotion in the soul; for that master genius which pours down the whole torrent of passion, sweeping away every other thought, and hurrying us we know not and care not whither; for whatever belongs to the phrensy and inspiration of poetry—to contrast Zayre with Othello! truly we should as soon think of comparing

a cascade at Versailles to the cataracts of Niagara.

Zayre was succeeded by many other pieces of great celebrity and merit, by which Voltaire is very well known even in this country. But our author remarks that his later dramatic works fell into the same train with his other productions. He would fain teach and philosophize even upon the stage; and this sort of sententious emphatic tone could not but infuse a certain chillness into the most animated scenes. "Nothing," it is justly added, "so much injures imagination as to give it an aim, to subject it to a system." Of all his theatrical performances Zayre was, we believe, the most popular; but the author of the Tableau gives the palm, on the whole, to Merope; and D'Alembert appears, by one of his letters, to have preferred Alzire.

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The Henriade was a poem in a very different style, and aspired to the dignity of the Epopée. That Voltaire should have the vanity to think himself equal to any thing is not very extraordinary, considering what he had performed, and how he was flattered; but that he should have the weakness to fancy a series of correct couplets about a great monarch, with the help of a few of the heathen deities, could deserve the character of an epic poem, is marvellous. However, great men make great blunders. Addi-

son, probably, thought his Campaign a very fine poem.

"Nobody," says our author, "contests the attraction of Voltaire's fugitive poetry." The principal charm of these pieces is, that they express real feelings; that they catch and embody those transient impressions which were continually passing, like summer clouds, over the mind of the writer. They contain, in some measure, the history of his life, which was composed of a prodigious multitude of shifting sensations, varying with his years, and subject to no sort of control from fixed principles or designs. For the rest, to say that they are full of vivacity, facility, and grace, is only to say that they were written by Voltaire. There is a sentence here so just in its sentiment, and so incapable of translation, that we extract it as it stands. "La gaieté comme le sublime demande une sorte de naïveté et de bonne foi. Elle ne resemble pas au persiftage et a la raillerie."

Voltaire's historical pieces, we think, have been overrated; with the exception, however, of the life of Charles XII., which is extremely agreeable, and could aspire to nothing greater. No

one, indeed, can dispute the power of this writer to render any subject in a very high degree picturesque and entertaining: and it happened, in the last-mentioned instance, that the prince was exactly suited to the historian; for he was, as the author of the Tableau happily says, tout en dehors. In attempting the life of Peter, Voltaire undertook a much higher style of composition. He was now to give an account of the rise and advancement of a great empire, under the counsels and auspices of a very savage, but very forcible and comprehensive, genius. This was manifestly a great undertaking, and it proved too much for the philosophizing poet;

viribus ille Confisus periit admirandisque lacertis.

The failure is not scandalous, but it is manifestly a failure. There is a still more discreditable fault to be objected to the historian of Charles and Peter. His heroes, unfortunately, were rivals. It was difficult, therefore, to reconcile their respective pretensions. Voltaire, we fear, was apt to be more studious of effect than of accuracy, and it so happens, that the same facts are told in a different manner, and with opposite colouring, by the same historian in his narratives of the two princes. There is such a carelesness of reputation, as well as disregard to truth, in these contradictions, that we think them alone sufficient to throw considerable doubt on the general veracity of Voltaire.

The Siécle de Louis XIV. has acquired so much celebrity, and, in our judgment, has, notwithstanding its real merits, been appreciated so much above its deserts, that we are happy in being able to give to our sentiments the authority of a writer such as that before us. The following extract contains also an admirable picture, in a few words, of ancient history, so much superior in interest, so much inferior in philosophy, to what has passed, in

modern days, under the same appellation.

"To delineate the reign of Louis XIV. was a very difficult undertaking. One may say that the more civilized a nation becomes, the more its manners and its history lose those highly relieved and picturesque forms of early times which constitute the charm of narration. The office of an historian becomes also more arduous. We exact impartiality, and we reproach him with wanting warmth and interest. We require details upon the commerce, the arts, the spirit of the government, and we complain that an attention to matters of philosophy interrupts the narrative of facts. We demand erudition, and we blame the writer when he descants. Formerly historians were not subject to these fetters. They wrote with all their prejudices, they preserved their individual character, without assuming a cold impartiality, which has more of form than substance. They recounted the victories of

their own country without any anxiety to publish the history of the vanquished. They surrendered neither their opinions nor their feelings. Xenophon in the centre of Athens did not conceal his admiration for the Lacedemonians. Tacitus did not conceal or compromise his detestation of tyrants. Every one professed to be what he really was, and it was for the reader to judge of the credibility of the historian, and the confidence he should repose in him. In history, as in every thing else, we have talent only in depicting our own impressions.

"We will not reproach Voltaire in particular with the faults which belong to the whole school of modern historians. But if we allow the style of composition which they have adopted, still considering history as a series of impartial researches destined to furnish the memory and exercise the reason, Voltaire is exposed to much criticism. The little of depth there is in his thoughts, his imperfect knowledge of characters, the tendency of his style to please, rather than to invite reflection, have been the subjects of frequent strictures, and we may add to them some still more serious. Voltaire in the reign of Louis XIV. saw nothing but the brilliancy of his victories, of literature and the arts.

He never thought of examining the character of the government and of the administration of the king; the influence which it has had on the character of the nation; and the consequences which thence resulted. He has not remarked that perhaps no epoch of the history of France was more important by the change effected in the manners, the social relations, and the ancient spirit of the constitution. It is to the brilliant colouring of Voltaire that we are to ascribe the unbounded admiration of the reign of Louis XIV. He has made us forget that a king has other duties than to acquire glory for his empire." P. 31—33.

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To these remarks, in the justice of which we perfectly concur, we must take the liberty of adding one or two further observations. The Age of Louis XIV. has the misfortune to belong neither to the ancient nor the modern style of history. It is not, like the first, impassioned and picturesque; or, at least, it is so only in a very inferior degree. It is not, like the second, grave, candid, and reflective. The besoin de succés, (in English, the horror of being tiresome,) which haunted Voltaire through life, furnishes, we think, the real key to the deficiencies of this work. It was this which made him adopt a light and rapid style, brilliant undoubtedly, and attractive, but ill suited to the dignity of his undertaking. It was this which made him so fearful of prolixity, that he has not allowed space to develop with sufficient fulness the events of so long and so busy a reign. It was this which tempted him to fill a third part of his second volume with trifling anecdotes, which might suit the Memoires de St. Simon, but which ought not to have found a place in a serious and comprehensive history. It was this which led him in his account of Jansenism and Quietism to treat with entire levity disputes which are allied to the highest and the deepest feelings of the human heart, and which agitated

some of the most forcible, most devoted, and most virtuous spirits that have ornamented our nature. To be sure, dulness is a very heavy crime, more especially among Frenchmen: but as Mr. Burke observes of obstinacy, that though one of the most unpopular of vices, it is connected with almost all the masculine virtues; so may it be said of tediousness; for though never forgotten or forgiven, it is unquestionably allied to some of the first qualities which a writer can possess; to accuracy, order, gravity, reflection. It is a sort of high treason in literature; and as none are so little in danger of falling into that great political offence as men absolutely destitute of all noble and patriotic sentiments, so in letters none are so clear of the kindred crime as those whose writings are uniformly slight and superficial. However, notwithstanding all this, such is the power of manner, and so happy is the style both in narrative and expression, of the Age of Louis XIV. that it will probably at all times be read more eagerly and more universally than any other piece of history in the French language. We are afraid, indeed, after all this criticism, of being understood to say that its merits This we by no means think; but in our estimation they are considerably below both its celebrity and its pretensions.

The essay on the manners of nations has been, perhaps, the most highly admired of all Voltaire's historical pieces by the graver and more judicious of his readers. Our author pays it some high compliments; but he observes that it is open to much of the criticism offered upon the work last noticed, and, he adds, "It merits, besides, a still graver censure; we there meet with little traces of that sectarian spirit adopted by Voltaire in the latter part of his life. His hatred to religion frequently betrays him into\* bad faith

and bad taste."

Beside the works and classes of works already noticed, Voltaire was the author of a vast mass of miscellaneous productions, which it is impossible to reduce under any regular heads. "I have not been in Paris (said he) these twenty years, but I have kept four presses constantly at work during the whole of that time." He wrote various articles for the Encyclopædia; he published a variety of little Romans, such as Candide, Zadig, La Princesse de Babylon, &c. &c.; and he scribbled an innumerable number of pamphlets, some acknowledged, some anonymous, which were chiefly directed against his personal or literary enemies, a class of men which his extreme violence and ridiculous irritability daily multiplied. His contributions to the Encyclopædia are chiefly composed of smart sallies or grave attacks on revealed religion; and his Romans contain much exquisite raillery against foolish political institutions and opinions, to gether with some very merry

<sup>·</sup> Mauvaise foi-in blunt English, falsehood.

impeachments of the general economy of Providence in the natural and moral government of mankind. Of religion in all its branches, Voltaire was profoundly and contemptibly ignorant. We are fully persuaded that he never reflected seriously for one half hour on a single phenomenon in the dispensations of God. He had dipped into the bible, but he had never read it; and his misrepresentations are so gross and silly as to seem hardly worthy of refutation. Had a work such as the Réponse de quelques Juifs à M. Voltaire appeared against any other system in philosophy, the poor philosopher would have been discredited forever. In politics Voltaire was not wrong headed, but he was somewhat superficial, and so rash, irregular, and petulant, that his writings could scarcely have been tolerated under any government, or useful to any people. Many of them also contain passages which are highly offensive to good morals. With a considerable proportion of his smaller pieces we have no acquaintance. Those which we have formerly read are generally remarkable for the exquisite pleasantry with which they expose many prevailing absurdities, and they are usually sullied with some passages of abominable impurity or profaneness.

These strictures are slight and imperfect, but they may serve to introduce the more comprehensive and penetrating observations which we are about to extract: the truth and impartiality of which are not less remarkable than the sagacity which they indicate.

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"It remains for us to speak of the spirit which he carried into philosophy: that is to say, of his opinious in relation to religion, morals, and politics. He has been accused of a formal design to overturn these three bases of the honour and the happiness of mankind. whoever should attempt to find in Voltaire a system of philosophy, connected principles, a centre of opinions, would be greatly embarrassed. Nothing is less conformable to the serious idea which one forms of a philosopher than the kind of understanding and talents which belonged to Voltaire; perhaps it could only be in the eighteenth century that one could have thought of calling such a man by the name of philosopher. That he had the design of pleasing his own age, of excrcising an influence over it, of revenging himself against his enemies, of forming a party to praise and defend him—all this is perfectly credi-He lived at a time when manners were lost, at least in the superior classes of society; and he did not respect morals. Envy and hatred employed against him the arms of religion when it was no longer respected by its own defenders; he considered it only as the means of persecution. His country had a government without force, without consideration, and which did nothing to obtain them; he had the spirit of independence and opposition. Such were the real sources of his opinions. We can conceive how he acquired them without, on that

account, excusing them. He proclaimed them continually without thinking of the effects which they might produce. However, he was far from showing in his errors the invariable confidence and extreme

presumption of some writers of the same age.

"He himself, in one of his romances, has given us a just idea of his philosophy. Babouc charged to examine the manners and institutions of Persepolis, discovers all its faults with great quickness, laughs at all its absurdities, attacks every thing with the most licentious liberty. But when in the end he thinks that the ruin of Persepolis may be the consequence of his definitive judgment, he finds advantages in every thing, and refuses to overturn the city. This was Voltaire. He wished to have the liberty of criticising carelesly, and would laugh at any thing; but a revolution was quite out of his thoughts: he had too just an understanding, too great a contempt of vulgarity and the populace, to form such a wish. Unhappily, when a nation has got to philosophising, like Babouc, it knows not how, like him, to stop and weigh its decision; it is only by a deplorable experience that it discovers, when too late, that it ought not to have destroyed Persepolis." P. 55-57.

We believe these observations to be true; and are persuaded that Voltaire, had he lived, would have resisted with all his power the revolutionary torrent which his writings, during half a century, had contributed to swell, and would practically have renounced those very opinions for which altars were erected to his memory in the Champ de Mars. Even before his death he lamented, with as much bitterness as perhaps he was capable of feeling, the mad and horrible excesses to which Diderot and others among the philosophers had advanced in their outrages upon religion and morals. He did not deliberately intend to overturn the foundations of either; but he had wantonly insulted both; and the same righteous law which has permitted us in some measure to command futurity by the wise employment of present opportunities, has established also a limit, beyond which recollection is vain, and the consequences of guilt irrevocable:

Fortunamque ferent.

Having necessarily said a good deal in dispraise of Voltaire, it is but just to notice some particulars in which he merits approbation. Like other human beings, his character was mixed: with great vices he was not wholly destitute of good qualities; and there are several actions of his life which well deserve to be applauded. He appears to have been naturally humane, though his passions too frequently clouded his benevolence: he was often liberal; and he pleaded the causes of some unfortunate and in-

jured families with much perseverance, generosity, and feeling. He was the first who powerfully recommended inoculation in He was among the first who endeavoured to dispel the national prejudices, and directed the eyes of his countrymen to the political institutions, the science, and the literature of England. He justly appreciated the soundness of the Newtonian philosophy, at a time when it had made but little progress on the continent; and though his encomiums of Mr. Locke are exaggerated, and indicate very little depth in metaphysics, his clear sense enabled him to perceive that the process of investigation adopted by that great master was far more just and natural than that of his predecessors. In his sentiments respecting the political establishments and opinions of his own country he was often substantially right, though the language in which he presented them was generally dangerous and unbecoming: and he had the courage to laugh at the project of a territorial tax, though all the wise heads of the economists pronounced the expedient infallible.

For the miserable and devoted fury with which Voltaire assailed christianity we are neither willing nor able to attempt the slightest apology. It disgraced his life, it debased his writings, and it will cast the deepest shade over his memory forever.

Next to Voltaire in celebrity, and at least his equal in genius and learning, stands the President Montesquieu; a name less idolized perhaps in France, but much more generally respected in other countries. The author of the Tableau has furnished many striking reflections on his character and writings. After noticing his first work Les Lettres Persannes, so remarkable for their vivacity and acuteness, so abominable for their profaneness and libertinism, he proceeds thus:

"Subsequent to the publication of this work, every thing contributed to modify the character of Montesquieu; to give him more of reserve in his opinions, and especially in his manner of announcing them. He was not a mere writer. His whole life was not consecrated to literary successes; he held a situation full of gravity; it was necessary that he should respect the examples which his fathers had left him, and that he should merit the esteem of the class in which he was placed, and among whom knowledge only contributed to the growth of virtue. The President Montesquieu had not that sort of independence which men of letters so much covet, and which is injurious, perhaps, both to their talents and their characters. He was restrained by the ties of family, and by the duties of the corporation to which he belonged. He did not live out of the range of business; he did not inhabit that theoretic world in which writers find nothing fixed and positive to bring them back to reason and truth when they begin to wander. Montesquieu, therefore, attached himself to the laws of his country, to

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ment, not indeed to the extent of entirely approving them, but at least so far as to wish to modify and not to overturn them; he brought into politics a spirit determinate and practical; he founded it on the con-

sideration of events and the recollections of history.

"However, Montesquieu always preserved a part of the character which he had originally evinced in the Persian Letters. Although his fame rests upon titles serious and solid, he was perhaps more remarkable for the richness of his imagination than for the depth of his reflections. His works exhibit a mind full of life and animation, which study and meditation can with difficulty subdue. Whenever an idea can take the shape of an image, whenever a picture can be made out of the exposition of facts, Montesquieu yields to the temptation, and presents them to us under that aspect. His mind had an invincible inclination to brilliant and poetic thoughts, while his occupations and circumstances compelled him to be chiefly conversant with matters of

morals, politics, and government." P. 59, 60.

"This colouring is not always happily placed in the Esprit des One there sees Montesquieu frequently seduced by brilliant ideas; attaching remote relations to a common centre; ambitious of astonishing by new and striking assertions; in a word, studying to produce effect, not with a view to dazzle by a foolish charlatanisme, but because he felt himself seduced into giving his ideas this lively and rapid form. However, reason is rarely sacrificed. Truth is what Montesquieu is always in search of. He sincerely endeavours to arrive at it by the examination of facts, and by a long train of studies and researches. His imagination has had power enough to deceive him, but it was against his will. Often when an idea has been presented in a decisive manner which strikes at first sight, the author, satisfied with not having diminished its first effect, adds some restriction, and makes you see, that if he has not been willing to check the course of his thoughts, by infusing a doubt and noticing exceptions, he is not, nevertheless, ignorant of the degree of certainty which belongs to his opinions, and that he does not place that absolute confidence in them which you might at first suppose. The march of genius is prompt and direct; general ideas almost entirely seize possession of its attention, and it easily persuades itself that others will know how to understand and qualify what is said, so as to render it true and applicable in each particular case." P. 58-61.

This last passage, we are persuaded, contains the true explanation of some of the most remarkable peculiarities in Montesquieu's style of writing. Indeed, it is very curious to compare his great work on the Spirit of Laws, with some of the principal philosophical compositions of a neighbouring country; such, for instance, as the political disquisitions of Hume, Smith, Ferguson, and others. These are generally full, orderly, and well reasoned dissertations. The subject in hand is examined with great gravity; a series of facts and observations are drawn forth and marshalled with much skill and caution; the assumptions, the intermediate

truths, the transitions, the digressions-all are managed with admirable prudence and propriety; the whole texture of the composition is woven with care; and the great results are at last announced with a decent pomp and a tolerable share of self-complacency. We read, assent, approve, admire; agree that the writer is very able; and take care not to let any body know that we thought him very tiresome. Now, in Montesquieu every thing is different. Art there is none; and of order very little. The subjects chosen as heads of thought are connected only by being allied to a common ancestor—mere collaterals, not succeeding by any regular devolutions. The paragraphs which compose the dissertations are, for the most part, independent of one another; each taking its chance alone, and leaving its neighbours to fight their own battles. The positions are short, brilliant, imperative: and the whole, instead of bearing any resemblance to an elaborate and finished dissertation, gives rather the idea of a man confident of great powers, and possessed of ample materials, who pronounces his dicta with authority, and expects his audience to qualify and apply them; who supplies thoughts, and leaves it to others, if they like the labour, to fill up the interstices.

Montesquieu has been accused of idleness by those who admire a more orderly system of composition. But to charge a writer with idleness, who gave twenty years to the prosecution of a single design, seems a little imprudent. If the Spirit of Laws had been expanded into essays, with the usual allowance for fine observations and flowing periods, it would have filled a library.

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Another charge which has been made against the president is, that he has raked up all sorts of fables from the narratives of obscure travellers, and made them the foundations of important theories. It must be acknowledged that Montesquieu was a little fond of odd out-of-the-way reading; and he is apt to talk rather too much of Japan and the kingdom of Bantam, and the people of Meaco. But this fault, if it be one, is, in our estimation, far more venial than that of supposing, with most writers, that human nature is only to be studied in the history of the Roman and Greek republics. A comprehensive mind will naturally desire an exfensive range; and if general inductions respecting the human race are to be attempted, men ought to be seen and considered under all the forms which they have presented, and every fact and institution be contemplated, whether preserved in the monuments of ancient nations, or caught by the hasty glances of a wandering missionary.

It is impossible to recollect the performances of Montesquieu without being impressed with a powerful admiration of his genius and attainments. The Herculean vigour which was a match for so vast an undertaking as the Spirit of Laws; the unshaken per-

severance which could prosecute its work for twenty years, united as they were to an imagination highly picturesque, present an image of such greatness, that little minds bow down before it; and even those of a firmer texture, and more sanguine complexion, are compelled to do it homage. The mind, too, which could throw a rapid and comprehensive glance over twelve centuries, and sketch, as it were upon a single canvass, the growth, the plenitude, and the declension of Roman greatness, must unquestionably have been possessed of uncommon elevation and energy. If authority could add any thing to a reputation which reposes on so substantial a basis, it would be sufficient to mention a writer capable of justly appreciating the merits of the French philosopher, both from the similarity of his pursuits and the extent of his own Montesquieu has been twice mentioned by Mr. Burke in terms of the highest admiration; in the Thoughts on the Cause of the present Discontents, as the first writer of the age; and in the Appeal from the New Whigs to the Old, as an authority so high, that even the glory of the British constitution is increased by his

suffrage.

And yet we little beings must be indulged in our little criticism. Somebody at Paris said, that the work called L'Esprit des Loix should have been entitled L'Esprit sur les Loix; and the remark is true as well as clever. After making every reasonable allowance for varieties in composition, and surrendering much of established usage to the despotism of genius, still it must be confessed that Montesquieu has in his great work indulged too freely the natural bias of his mind, and furnished rather a collection of desultory reflections, than the complete digest or discussion of a comprehensive subject. In part this may justly be imputed to the extent of his undertaking which rendered a sententious and somewhat authoritative manner almost unavoidable. But it must doubtless, in part, also be attributed to the poetical cast of his imagination, which could not tolerate the appearance of dulness, and delighted in brilliancy and effect. The disadvantages incident to this fault are considerable. One of them is, that the very object of the writer, who intended to render his work attractive, is in some degree counteracted; for, among the generality of readers, more, perhaps, are fatigued by making a series of desperate leaps across the chasms which separate the different theorems, than by the labour of travelling through the diffuse expositions, and connecting details which abound in a different class of reasoners.

Nearly allied to, and, indeed, growing out of, the last defect, is another and more serious fault. Montesquieu's reflections, though remarkably original, and frequently profound, are at times hasty and inaccurate. He acquiesced too readily in his first thoughts. His mind was so constituted, that he rather caught the truth by a

rapid and penetrating glance than discovered it through the medium of a close investigation. He was not accustomed to verify his impressions by a close and vigilant induction; and though his intellect was of that vigorous and comprehensive character which made even his guesses valuable, it certainly is not always safe to acquiesce in his positions without examination. His work frequently furnishes rather excellent materials for thinking than the results of patient thought. Indeed, his carelesness, both in accepting facts and propounding conclusions, is sometimes perfectly surprising. "We are informed (says he, speaking of the proportion of the sexes born in different countries) that at Bantam there are ten girls to one boy;" and then he proceeds to reason upon this ridiculous assumption, only because a Mr. Kempfer had so affirmed of that which no conceivable affirmation could render credible. "It would be an excellent law (he observes in another place) for all countries to ordain, that none but real money should be current." This reflection was suggested by considering the inconveniences incident to a debased coin, or, as he terms it, ideal money. He seems wholly to have overlooked the prodigious saving of value, time, and labour, which is effected by a conventional currency, which has its foundation in no sort of fraud but in the wants and resources of mankind, and the advantages of which a great mind ought to have perceived even at so early a period in the history of the economy of nations. In the same spirit, speaking of exchanges, he says, "The relative abundance and scarcity of specie in different countries forms what is called the course of exchange." "Exchange is a framing of the actual and momentary value of money," and "when a state has occasion to remit a sum of money into another country, it is indifferent in the nature of the thing whether specie be conveyed thither, or they take bills of exchange." Yet, certainly, Montesquieu had sagacity enough to discover, had he reflected, that the exchanges will depend, not merely, as he supposes, on the state of the currency in different countries, but on the state, also, of their mutual debts and credits; and, that even if their currency were fixed, there may be a manifest saving by remitting in bills instead of remitting in commodities We mention these inaccuracies, not that we attach much importance to them, but for the sake of exhibiting the character of Montesquieu's genius. Powerful and intuitive glances into human nature will enable a great mind to appreciate with wonderful sagacity many branches of legislation, and many forms of political administration; but if a subject is in its nature scientific, a very different process is requisite. No man can determine a trajectory, or find a fluent, by a single coup d'œuil. tical economy is in all its branches strictly scientific.

It is rather fatiguing to follow the errors of a great man, yet one other fault in Montesquieu's writings deserves to be noticed, because it is considerable, and has attracted a vast deal of attention He is too systematic, and is, therefore, someand discussion. times, like all system makers, paradoxical; more especially in his observations respecting the influence of climate upon character he has exposed himself to much severe and just animadversion. We incline to think, however, that his opinions on this subject have been a little misunderstood, and that the remark which we have extracted from the work before us, "that a powerful genius is apt to seize on general ideas, and to take it for granted that others will understand how to modify them," is peculiarly applicable to this part of the Spirit of Laws. It is scarcely conceivable that a writer such as Montesquieu should have deliberately held, in its full extent, the theory which some passages in the fourteenth book of the Spirit of Laws appear to imply. Such a theory is contradicted not only by the history of nations, its natural enemy, but even by geography, its natural ally. Travel from Tuscany into the Campagna, cross the Faro of Messina from Calabria into Sicily, pass from Bordeaux to Burgos:—the heart of the stoutest believer in the despotism of physical causes would fail before he had completed three little tours of discovery. Large allowances, we are persuaded, must be made for what Montesquieu has left unsaid; yet, all allowances made, he still remains chargeable with great inaccuracy and much exaggeration in this part of his work. To determine on the nature and propriety of laws by a metaphysical materialism; to introduce grave speculations on the action of the nerves, and experiments on the papillæ of a sheep's tongue; to resolve the liberties of England into the constitutional misery of its inhabitants; to swallow greedily the falsehoods of Bernier respecting India, and then exclaim, "Happy climate! which gives birth to purity of manners, and produces lenity of laws;"-these are follies so considerable, that it required nothing less than the genius of Montesquieu to redeem them; nothing lower than his renown to shelter them from ridicule. How much superior, in this instance, is the poet\* to the philosopher!

"Can opener skies and suns of fiercer flame O'erpower the fire that animates our frame? As lamps, that shed at eve a cheerful ray, Fade and expire beneath the eye of day. Need we the influence of the northern star, To string our nerves and steel our hearts to war? And where the force of nature laughs around, Must sickening virtue fly the tainted ground? Unmanly thought!——"

" Grav.

It is a little curious, that the author of the work before us propounds a theory directly opposite to that of the writer whose defects we have been touching; and that both have been led to the very verge of fatalism by not watching with sufficient vigilance the progress of their speculations. How much in the characters of nations and of individuals is to be attributed to the influence of natural propensities; how much to the operation of moral motives, and how much (if any thing) to the self-determining agency of the soul, we do not believe any measure of human sagacity is sufficient to determine. This, however, is clear, that physical causes are limited in their operation, while moral influences are capable of a regular and indefinite progression. Of the two systems of necessity which have infested philosophy, we have no hesitation in saying that the latter is the less vulgar and the less dangerous; that it has more of probability and more of truth. And though we steadily renounce every necessitarian theory, we are persuaded that the hypothesis which has its foundation in the subjection of the will to moral motives, may be, and has been, held by many in union with the highest truths and deepest piety: while the opposite theory, we have litte doubt, will generally be found connected at its root with materialism in philosophy, and scepticism in religion.

It would be easy to multiply little criticisms on the Spirit of Laws, but there is something equally contrary to generosity and good taste in thus counting "the moats that people the sunbeam." This great performance will remain, in defiance of criticism, an imperishable monument of the genius and learning, the enterprise and perseverance, of its author. Some parts, indeed, have fallen away, and the proportions are incomplete; but, like the structures of antiquity, enough will remain to testify to the grandeur of the edifice, and attract the admiration of all succeeding ages.

There are some observations in the work before us on the celebrated sketch de la Grandeur et Decadence des Romains, which are composed in a tone of such a melancholy sublimity that we cannot resist the pleasure of extracting them.

"The period in which Montesquieu lived, more even than the vivacity of his genius, seduced him into a train of errors which experience has rendered very perceptible. At a distance from the revolutions and the movements in which the spirit of nations and of men assumes a new character, and reveals itself suddenly in an unforeseen manner, Montesquieu indulged in many illusions; many objects presented themselves to his eyes under an imaginary point of view, and excited his esteem and admiration, which now appear to us under a different aspect. The present has taught us better to understand the things which we could not disentangle in the past. History becomes more sad and more terrible for those who are enabled in reading it to compare

it with the great events which they have themselves witnessed. How many governments, how many constitutions have we admired and considered as models, which we are now compelled to regard with another eye! How many men have appeared to us clothed with glory and brilliancy, whose virtues and merits have now been destroyed or diminished since we have seen what circumstances could conduct to renown! How many events withdrawn into the vista of ages seemed to us solemn and imposing, which now appear but idle representations

of which posterity had lost the art.

"It is thus that in admiring the progress and the whole of the work on the greatness and decline of the Romans, we are unable to enter into the system of virtue and prudence which the imagination of Montesquieu fancied itself to see presiding, from age to age, over the destinies and the glories of the masters of the world; whether it be that in adopting it we are fearful to discover ourselves to be but too inferior to that picture of heroism, or whether it be that the spectacle of our own age has rendered us sincerely incredulous. Such is the effect of circumstances upon opinions; Montesquieu, in a period of order and tranquillity, regards success as the necessary and natural reward of virtue and honour; Machiavel, in the midst of the cruel conflicts of the Italian politics, sees nothing great but in ability and force of character, whatever be their direction or their end.

"In the same manner our minds, saddened with revolutions, delivered from the enchantments of political romances, find no writers in perfect sympathy with our feelings but those who have lived in the midst of the distractions and calamities of nations. They only appear to us true and profound. Contempt of man, scepticism of virtue, despair of the future, reflections which can supply no consoling thought—such are the sentiments which we now feel a melancholy pleasure to contemplate in historians and philosophers. We feel soothed with imagining that past ages have neither been more happy nor more worthy to be

so." P. 61-63.

There is something peculiarly affecting in these solemn passages. The spirit, indeed, in which they are written is not altogether commendable; but they betray the sufferings of a mind deeply sensible to the wounds which have been inflicted on its own age and nation. There are few things which, to a comprehensive and feeling spirit, are so afflicting as the sense of its inability to resist the torrent with which violence allied to guilt can desolate There is something so mean in the evil passions, something so base and contemptible in the gross and brutal force which alone renders them formidable, that beings of a nobler nature feel a mixture of agony and humiliation in submitting to an authority at once illegitimate, violent, and degrading. They feel astonished that wisdom and virtue are unable to rescue mankind from so miserable a servitude; and after struggling perhaps a while in vain against audacious and triumphant guilt, relinquish the contest in despair, and begin to doubt whether virtue be not a name, and all

the moral excellence and beauty which they have been accustomed to contemplate with admiration, the visions of a bright but delusive fancy. It is here that religion steps in to rescue us from despair; and raising our thoughts to that Almighty Being with whom "a thousand years are as one day," and carrying forward our hopes to a fairer and immortal region, teaches us to repose in humble confidence on the wisdom and the faithfulness of Him who has declared that a day of retribution is approaching which shall fully vindicate his righteousness, and ascertain the final and everlasting triumphs of virtue and piety. Happy they who find in faith that abiding consolation which can compose the disquietudes of anxiety and silence the murmurings of discontent; which can infuse a secret and vital energy that no resistance can subdue, no disappointments deaden; the spring of benevolent activity, even under the pressure of the darkest afflictions, "performing in despair the offices of hope."

It is just to the author before us to observe, that though his language be desponding, it is but the depression of a moment. The emotion quickly passes by, and he recovers his natural tone

of dignity and courage.

"However, there is something more noble in not despairing of men or of nations, in tracing for them a route of virtue and happiness, and giving them an impulse free and complete, in doing away this culpable indifference which can produce nothing but evil. If Montesquieu had lived in our days, perhaps his works would have had less depth, but they would not have offered that beautiful symmetry, that consistency of principles, which gives to them a character so brilliant and persuasive." P. 64.

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But the attractions of these highly interesting topics have seduced us into an extravagant length. We must be contented, therefore, to pass rapidly through a host of writers who are marshalled in due order by the writer before us, but who are for the most part of little celebrity, and with some of whom we are in truth acquainted only by their names. Some, however, there are, whose works would well deserve a much fuller consideration than it is now possible for us to bestow. In the same rank with Voltaire and Montesquieu the author of the Tableau places two other writers, undoubtedly of great, though in this country of unequal, renown-Rousseau and Buffon. Of the first of these we are unwilling to say a little, and we have not space to say much. Those who wish to see an examination of the works of this singular writer, that will undoubtedly well repay the trouble of perusing it, may consult from the 120th to the 140th pages of the work before us. It is not, perhaps, written exactly in the tone which we should have adopted, (if indeed it be not presumptuous to name

ourselves in the same breath with such a writer,) but it is full of acuteness, depth, candour, and sensibility. We shall make only two short extracts, the first on account of its intrinsic value; the second for the sake of its severity: for though we do not ordinarily favour such passages, yet the writings of Rousseau have presented to the world such fascinating counterfeits of whatever is truly excellent, and under the colour of an ardent devotion to religion, virtue, and feeling, in their native simplicity, have advanced such fearful lengths towards the destruction of them all, that we hold any honest method of dissipating so dangerous an illusion to be just and valuable.

Speaking of the celebrated profession of faith by the Vicaire

Savoyard, the author of the Tableau says,

"One is surprised to see him ascend at first by a noble flight up to the knowledge of a God, and then to take his departure from that point to the rejection of all positive religion and forms of worship. But such a march is conformable to the philosophy of Rousseau. The idea of a Divinity, a vague sentiment of gratitude and respect towards him, in a word, whatever is called natural religion, all this is within the province of imagination. One may be continually impressed with these noble thoughts without feeling their influence in our actions; but worship is the positive application of these sentiments; it is through this medium that they become useful; it is by this alone that they acquire a body, that they assume a reality, and become possessed of some influence over our conduct. In examining Rousseau one sees that there is an analogy between religion without worship, and virtue without practice. P. 131, 132.

To this just and noble passage it is only necessary to add, that the homage which God requires of his creatures is not that of postures and rituals, but of their hearts and lives; a service such as it becomes him to receive, and which it constitutes our true happiness to render. Doctrines which float only in the imagination are contemplated rather than believed. The reception of divine truths, of which the scriptures speak, is their reception by the whole man understanding them, feeling them, and loving them. It is difficult to comprehend how any persons should have been led to suppose that Rousseau at heart believed in christianity. The Vicaire Savoyard pays some fine compliments to the New Testament; but he argues at great length against the credibility of revelation;—and the sum of his reasoning is this, that it requires a great deal of time and labour to ascertain that Christianity is true, and therefore it must be false!

The other passage which we promised to extract is immediately connected with the author's observations on the Confession of

Rousseau, and it closes his criticisms upon that writer.

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"No one knew better than Rousseau how to lay open the interior of his soul. Who has not felt himself moved and charmed in reading the lively description of those bewildering thoughts, of those hopes forever deceived and forever reviving, of those delights of imagination, of those romances of virtue and happiness, always false and still renewed, of those storms which rage in the very depths and recesses of the soul, in short, of the whole history of a mind pensive and solitary? After having thus placed us, by the magic of truth, in his own situation, Rousseau makes us share in all his thoughts, and, as it were, in his actions. We fall with him by an irresistible declension into all his errors; we assume his insane pride; we see nothing but outrage and injustice; we become the enemies of all mankind, and we prefer ourselves to them. But a sounder reflection enables us to perceive that the man who has known how thus to lead us along with him uniformly led a life full of egotism; that he drew every thing towards himself: that the enjoyments which he sought were always from something solitary, in which others had no share; that he never sacrificed his interest but to his pride; that he was envious of every thing he did not obtain, though he often refused to possess it; that even his affections had a character of egotism, that he loved for his own satisfaction, and not for the satisfaction of others. In the end we repent of having suffered ourselves to be abused into the belief of the superiority of such a man; we comprehend sufficiently all his faults, but we pardon them no longer, and we confound no more explanation with excuse." P. 140.

In order that we may justly estimate the merit of this passage it is proper to add, that the writer is so far from being insensible to the talents of Rosseau, that he appears by some passages in his work to think him the most eloquent and fascinating of all those who gave celebrity to the eighteenth century. His imagination and feeling rendered him deeply sensible of the powers of that singular genius; and the rectitude of his understanding enabled him to perceive that such powers so vitiated only make the possessor wretched and contemptible, an enemy to himself, and to all his kindred.

If the author of the Tableau has ever been seduced into exaggeration, perhaps it is in his praises of Buffon, the last of the illustrious four to whom he assigns the first rank in literature. He is, perhaps, a little too much captivated by the brilliant fancy and highly picturesque style of the naturalist; and he is rather too merciful to his extravagant love of hypothesis. Eloquence is not the highest praise of a philosophical writer; and after allowing all that can be said in admiration of particular descriptive passages, still we venture to ask whether it be characteristic of a profound or an exalted mind to resolve every phenomenon into physical causes, and wander through all the vastness of creation without evincing the smallest sensibility to the power, the majesty, or the goodness of Him who made and sustains it.

In a view of the writers of the eighteenth century it is impossible that D'Alembert should be omitted. He occupies some space in this work, but he is not a favourite of the writer. His scientific acquirements are not disputed, and that part of his preliminary discourse to the Encyclopædia which relates to the exact sciences is highly applauded; but he is described as rather a shallow metaphysician; and his pretensions in literature are dismissed somewhat contemptuously with the terms—"un ecrivain assez froid."

We have not much disposition to become the champions of D'Alembert in any thing. He probably was not very profound in metaphysics. Indeed, we suspect that the French writers of this age were in general but superficial in the science of mind. Their extravagant admiration of Locke, whom they but half understood; the bustle and parade they kept up about sensations, connected with a certain prevailing and almost instinctive tendency towards materialism, concur to make it probable that they were neither deep nor original in this part of knowledge. Indeed, we do not recollect that a new hypothesis in metaphysics was started by any of the modern French writers, or any old one considerably illustrated or improved. The schools in that science have been English, Scotch, or German. However, it is no inconsiderable compliment to D'Alembert, that he is placed next to De Gerando among the French metaphysicians, by the most competent judge\* upon such subjects of this, or perhaps any, age. a writer, it is perhaps true, that D'Alembert is cold; but so were Middleton, Hume, and others, whom it would be idle to depreciate. He is certainly acute, discriminating, and elegant. His éloges are generally interesting; and the conclusion of that upon M. de Sacy is exceedingly eloquent. Yet it is by an effort of candour that we make these concessions. We have lately had the misfortune to read for the first time some of this writer's correspondence with Frederick the Second, and the temerity of some passages, in which he insolently impeaches and ridicules—not Christianity, for that all the philosophers thought they were privileged to insult—but the ordinary providence and economy of God, is so offensive, that we could almost wish that the very name of the writer and all his productions were buried in oblivion. Better were it that science and literature should perish forever; better that men should crawl upon the earth in brutish stupidity and ignorance; than that the best gifts of God should be employed by his ungrateful creatures to desecrate his name and insult his goodness. Is there in the universe a spectacle so wretched, so disgusting, so contemptible, as that of a being dependent for his

<sup>\*</sup> Mr. D. Stewart.

hourly existence on the will of his Creator, and spending a portion

of the little breath he has in blaspheming him?

Among the lesser writers noticed in this work before us, there are several with whom we are wholly unacquainted. Wherever we happen to possess the means of judging, we have almost always been struck with the great justness as well as originality of the criticisms here presented to us. Of Marivana the author says, "that he does not give the result of his observation, but the act of observation itself. A scene of Molière is a representation of nature; a scene of Marivana is a commentary upon it." Nothing can be more accurate or more happy.

Thomas, we believe, all are agreed to consider as a vapid, ela-

borate, and tedious declaimer.

"Marmontel," says our author, "tried to be a poet, and will only leave the reputation of a prose writer; but that he has merited; he has always facility and elegance." It is perfectly provoking, and a marvellous instance of the mischiefs of bad company, that Marmontel, who was formed by nature to write pretty little stories, and really succeeded admirably, could not be satisfied without interrupting his narratives to read lectures to priests and princes. One quite longs to have him slightly whipped for

his vagrancy, and passed to his parish.

There is much good criticism on La Harpe's writings in the 157th page, but the subject is not considerable enough to deserve an extract. La Harpe was undoubtedly a man of talents, and his voluminous correspondence, though stuffed with trifles, is amusing, because it makes us acquainted with all the follies of Paris during his day. It contains, too, the most authentic account of the last days of Voltaire with which we happen to be acquainted. The Elogue du Catinal, which carried the prize in the academy against Monsieur Guibert, to the great indignation of Mademoiselle de L'Espinasse, has been, we think, quite as much admired as it deserves. It is a correct, and, in parts, though rarely, an eloquent composition; but it has no decisive traits of genius. By far the finest piece of La Harpe's, which we recollect to have seen, is a most impassioned and energetic declamation against the philosophers, written in the last years of the author's life; and after he had lived to see what desolation their profligate speculations in religion, morals, and politics, had contributed to bring down upon France. It is the more valuable because the writer had, during many years of his life, lived in much familiarity with the sect, and probably favoured their principles. It is in the Catilinarian style, and is extremely powerful.

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After the extracts which we have given, it is needless to say much of the writer. Our praise cannot add to his reputation, nor our criticism detract from it. But, in truth, we

are little disposed to criticise. The rare combination of talents which were requisite for the composition of this little volume is what we contemplate with delight; and they have been employed by their possessor so honourably, with such unvarying candour and respect for truth, that we feel a sentiment of reverence, mingling with and exalting the admiration which his genius and attainments enable him to command.

But before we close this long article we must be allowed a few hasty remarks on some peculiarities which distinguished French philosophy during the eighteenth century. One naturally conceives of philosophers as of a serious, reflective class of men: the subjects about which they are conversant are both grave and important; the investigation of truth necessarily demands the exercise of the severer powers of the understanding; and the results of their inquiries so nearly affect the happiness of the human race, that the alliance of frivolity with such pursuits exhibits an incongruity of ideas that would be ridiculous if it were not shocking; a confusion of images too monstrous to be comical. In perusing the works of the French writers who called themselves philosophers during the last age, the first feeling is a sort of distressing amazement, a kind of horrible surprise; such as overtakes us on beholding an extravagance of nature, or which travellers are said to experience on entering the mansion of the Prince Palagonia in Sicily, who has crowded into his rooms every fantastic image which a depraved and unnatural fancy could assort. These men write of God; of creation, providence, redemption; of man and virtue; of life, death, and eternity;—ideas of which the very names are awful;—to which the mind approaches purified and chastised by reverence;—and they are as merry as monkeys. They chatter and grin, and talk of the government of the universe, and jest a little, and come back with a light turn to the origin of morals, and then a clever story against priestcraft, and a merry pass at providence, and—adieu mon cher philosophe! What shall we say to reasoners such as these? Were they sane? Is it rational for beings who can think and feel, who hope, and fear, and suffer—for mortal beings, who in a few years must mingle with the dust they tread, to sport with the things in which they are the most vitally concerned, and which may determine their happiness or misery forever? Is it decent for a feeble creature, crawling upon the earth for a moment, and ready to sink under the pressure of the very atmosphere he breathes, to canvass with levity the ways of his Creator, and clap or hiss as if it were a scene at the opera? If this be the fruit of knowledge, indeed "ignorance is bliss." If this be philosophy, it is that of the petites-maisons.

We always suppose philosophers to be possessed of some fixed principles, whether right or wrong; a system, a centre of opinions.

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Else why do they think; what is the value of reflection, if they are exactly as ignorant as their neighbours? If philosophers, therefore, attack existing institutions or sentiments, though we may doubt their wisdom, we at least give them credit for wishing to substitute notions which they think sounder and more valuable. But the philosophers of France had no opinions at all; they were mere haters; they attacked every thing and recommended nothing. We have difficulties enough to perplex us upon any hypothesis; but these men, instead of applying their skill to unravel the entanglement, only wove new labyrinths in every direction. They contradicted one another, and they contradicted themselves;

"Chaos umpire sits, And by decision more embroils the fray."

Neither in the works of the philosophical writers of France considered as a body, nor in the productions of the individuals, is there any thing to be found worthy of the name of a religious and moral system; unless Helvetius's Paradoxes, which they all laughed at, are to claim such a character. They dismissed, indeed, Revelation by general consent, as quite unworthy of the just ideas of a Deity; and having mastered so easily the great despot which had subdued mankind, it was to be imagined that they would open some peculiarly noble and comprehensive views of God and his government, and furnish a solution to some of the great moral questions that had so long distressed the contemplative part of mankind. How did they answer to these expectations? The more daring spirits, such as Diderot and Condorcet, shot up boldly into atheism; defied religion, and insulted morality. D'Alembert, more cool and cautious, seems to have oscillated long, but at last (as La Harpe tells us) judged that probability was in favour of the existence of a God. However, he had so little respect for his probable divinity, that he could sneer bitterly at the moral administration of the world; and declare, in one of his letters, that he was much of the same mind with Alphonsus, who said, that if he had been in the divine councils at the commencement of things, he could have shown how to make a better Voltaire and Rousseau clung stoutly to their theism; but the former, who furiously assailed the Pentateuch, because it dishonoured God by the representations it gives of his character, has more passages in his writings of scandalous impiety and profaneness than could, we verily believe, be collected from all the works of Jews and christians during three thousand years: and the latter, though less impious, has done more to recommend licentiousness and confound all moral sentiments than perhaps any

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They patronised negatives. And though our very instincts direct us to the attainment of knowledge, and truth has been the object most ardently pursued by the highest minds in every age, these great masters of wisdom were content to live and die, in a willing and senseless scepticism respecting every thing which best deserves to be investigated—which speaks in accents the most

thrilling to our hopes and our fears.

Philosophers should be humble. Those, more especially, who question rather than decide, should recommend their doubts by a tone of caution and modesty. The new academy never dogmatized: but the philosophers of France were superior to precedent and authority. If a prize were offered to the most imperious, irritable, scornful, dogmatic, and polemical body that has ever existed among lettered men, the authors of the Encyclopædia would bear away the palm. Not their brethren the old Epicureans; not the followers of Abelard and Ockham among the schoolmen; not the pedants of the sixteenth century; not the colleges of the Jesuits, or the doctors of the Sorbonne, could in such a contest maintain a rivalry with that illustrious fraternity. Touch but one of the brotherhood and all the corporation was in arms; neither virtue, nor talents, nor character, nor station, could protect the miserable offender from the stings of the exasperated hive. Almost all who were not their friends were treated as their enemies; and their enemies were fools or hypocrites. They despised every thing and every body, (themselves excepted,) and at last they despised one another. It is quite amusing to see how by continually living in their own little circle of antipathies they acquired the true sectarian spirit; and, though they began with exclaiming against want of charity in the churchmen, learnt to discard even the appearance of charity towards all but men of their own party. It was thus towards Frenchmen, it was thus towards foreigners. Hume and Gibbon were tolerated, but Johnson was "a superstitious dog;" and Mr. Burke complains that there was an air of contemptuousness about them which greatly detracted from the pleasure of their society. Among all the European communities they seem to have respected none but this country; and one of the principal reasons for this partiality appears to have been given by the learned Marquis de Condorcet, who tells us that " the philosophy of Bolingbroke commented on by Pope had established in England a system of rational theism, with morals suited to firm and reflective spirits. However, as Frenchmen are apt to ridicule without reason, so for once they applauded without knowledge: for Bolingbroke's pompous inanities never deceived any body but his scholar, who was frightened out of his wits when he heard they meant infidelity; and in spite of

Bolingbroke, and of men much abler than he, christianity has at all times been heartily believed and loved by the mass of the popula-

tion in this country.

Christianity, considered apart from its divine credentials, was a great experiment upon mankind; and no one, we think, will deny that it materially exalted the general tone of morals, and produced the best specimens of individual excellence which the world has witnessed. The rejection of christianity and return to a more natural condition was also an experiment; and it was fairly made, though upon a smaller scale. Let its value be estimated by its results. Revelation was first rejected in France by men of education and reflection; by the literary and scientific members of the community. Can a single individual of the body be mentioned who accredited his principles by a strict and consistent morality? We have never heard of one; and all the most considerable characters among them were notoriously sullied with great and flagitious vices. Voltaire told the most deliberate falsehoods, which even his biographer, M. de Condorcet, does not attempt to excuse; though (to show the severity of his own morals) he maintains that lying is justifiable if oppression makes it expedient. Rousseau abandoned his own offspring. D'Alembert insulted his creator. Diderot cheated his patroness; and his writings are an outrage on all decency. Marmontel deserted the object of his early affections, who had been faithful to him through years of absence and silence; and he had the heartlessness to put his infamy upon record for the amusement of his grandchildren, without breathing a single sigh of contrition or regret. In the midst of all these things they continued to applaud each other abundantly, and talked loudly of reason and virtue. By degrees the principles of the philosophers were diffused among the people, and at length the whole nation, by a general effort, threw off the yoke, and publicly renounced chris-What ensued? What bright gleams of opening glory and happiness illuminated the auspicious enterprise? What new constellations arose to shed their influence on a happier era? All was darkness and horror. The heavens seemed to be "hung with black." France was for a moment blotted out of Europe; and then reviving, like a bedlamite from his trance, poured out her frantic rage on every surrounding nation. The fall of christianity, instead of being hailed like its birth by angelic voices, speaking peace and love, was proclaimed by the groans of widows and orphans, and the savage howlings of demons. The gospel descended upon earth attended with a heavenly train of graces and virtues, with the charities which soften and embellish this life, and prepare us for a better. The religion of nature ascended from beneath with a company suited to her character;

murder, profligacy, proscription; and civil anarchy and military

despotism.

And yet some feelings of compassion are due to the men and to the nation whom we have condemned. They saw not the religion of Christ such as it proceeded from the hands of its divine author, lowly and self-denied, benevolent and spiritual, separated from sin, and superior to the vanities and the sufferings of this transient scene. They saw it debased by its alliance to a superstitious establishment, and sustained by a civil authority at once arbitrary and contemptible. They saw the profession of christianity often united to the practice of vice, or the policy of a worldly ambition; its dogmas peremptorily enforced, and its precepts habitually relaxed. The rapid progress of infidelity in France sufficiently proves the decay in that country of essential religion. The gospel in all its power, appealing to the consciences of men, and carrying its credentials in the practice of those who acknowledge it, is alone capable of contending long against the pride and passions of a people who have once thrown off the bondage of an ignorant and implicit faith; and those who have the weakness to place their reliance on the authority of ancient institutions, or the seemly pomp of rituals and services, will assuredly discover, when it is too late, that these are but the perishable forms in which religion is enshrined, not the living and immortal spirit which can alone protect itself and us in the hour of danger. This is a truth which the guilt and the sufferings of France are peculiarly calculated to enforce. While we reprobate the men who conspired against christianity, and deplore their success, let us never forget that there were other conspirators still more formidable, and to whom that success is chiefly to be attributed; -the unfaithful ministers and professors of religion, who rendered it weak by their dissensions, odious by their bigotry, and contemptible by their crimes.

Essay on the Theory of the Earth, translated from the French of M. Cuvier, perpetual Secretary of the French Institute, Professor and Administrator of the Museum of Natural History, &c. &c. By Robert Kerr, F. R. S. and F. S. S. Edinburgh. With Mineralogical Notes, and an Account of Cuvier's Geological Discoveries. By Professor Jameson.

[From the British Review.]

THE internal formation of the earth, and the deep though marvellous traces of design in its disordered mass, have been almost the last in the succession of scientific objects which have engaged the speculations of mankind. The dazzling brightness of the canopy which overspreads this globe, and the endless varieties of animal and vegetable life which cover its surface, presented attractions with which it was long before the interior examination of its substance could stand in any competition. The treasures of the mine, indeed, were too much connected with selfish and ambitious desires to remain long in obscurity, but the laborious operations of their extraction afforded little leisure or encouragement to philosophic research. The speculative observation of phenomena indicating the agency of stupendously powerful causes was reserved for an advanced age of scientific inquiry. Even the distinction of simple minerals into genera and species was unknown to the ancients. Pliny and Theophrastus have left the only records of research in the third great kingdom of nature, but these records present nothing but some imperfect attempts to describe a few varieties of stones. We live in an age, however, in which the attention of the curious has been directed to this pursuit, and the value of the study of geology has been duly appreciated. But the rapid advance of natural knowledge in general, during the eighteenth century, in which period geology assumed its rank among the sciences, involved some consequences which may be considered as rather injurious to its advancement upon sound philosophical principles. The sublime speculations of Newton, the extensive classifications of Linnaus, and the comprehensive theory of Lavoisier, had induced a too prevailing habit of generalization. The soil was too forcing for the first buddings of the tender plant, and the value of a few facts was nearly smothered by a premature ardour for hypothesis. Gratuitous and fanciful theories, disclaiming all dependence upon experiments, began, very soon after the study was introduced, to bend it in subservience to a sort of philosophical faction. Truths of the highest concern became involved in geological disputes; and the sacred history of revelation, the inspired account of the design and progress of creation,

was called in question in the arbitrary explanations of natural appearances.

"Cœlum ipsum petimus stultitia."

Thus the title of geologist became, in many instances, synonymous with deist, and a kind of unholy stain polluted the birth of this infant science. The zeal of some who undertook to defend, upon their adversaries' ground, the tenets of their faith, was not less injurious to science, and was more detrimental to the cause which they espoused. They, in their turn, invented hypothetical explanations of appearances, and distorted both facts and reasoning to answer their particular purpose. The refutation of these zealous absurdities was easy, but there are always those who are ready to confound the credit of a righteous cause with the imbecility of its advocates.

The first observations of geological phenomena were rude and accidental, as must be the case with all new studies before the process of spontaneous development begins. Gradual discoveries of arrangement lead to profounder observations and juster conclusions. System and order arise in the place of confusion; not such as belong to the products of fancy and the visions of possibility, but to the forms of reality and the objects of the senses.

One of the first observations which was made after the distinction of rocky masses in reference to their component parts, was the invariable order of relative position which the different species maintain with respect to each other. Different rocks are seen piled upon one another in mountain ranges; and in digging into the depths of the earth a perpetual and varying succession of strata is discovered. But no change of place is ever found between the upper and lower orders of the series. The lines of junction of the different species, and the strata into which they are individually divided, are parallel to one another. From hence the conclusion is striking; first, that their component parts must formerly have been in a state of fluidity; and, secondly, that the lower rocks in position must have been the first in formation. Their division, therefore, into two grand classes, distinguished no less by their relative position than by the obvious characters of their composition, is highly scientific. A crystalline texture, and the absence of extraneous fossils, mark the series which is lowest in position, and justify the name of primordial; while the earthy composition of the higher series, and the different bodies which they envelop, from fragments of the preceding class to remains of organized bodies, authorize no less for these the appellation of secondary. Both these divisions of rocks are traversed by fissures which are filled with matters wholly foreign to their constitution. These veins are allowed by all to be of posterior formation to the masses

between which they are interposed. Sometimes veins of different substances cut through each other, and in this case it is obvious that the one which is cut must have been of older formation than the one which traverses it. The disorder and various degrees of inclination of the planes of the strata point to some great revolution which must have broken their surfaces by the elevation of the upper, or the depression of the lower ridge. Geologists all agree in this unavoidable inference, though they differ from each other as to the nature of the cause.

The existence of marine exuviæ upon the summits of many of the highest mountains is a fact of the utmost interest; as thence arises the uncontroverted conclusion, that at some former period the ocean had covered their lofty pinnacles, which have subsequently been exposed by the reflux of its waters, or by their gradual elevation above its level.

Thus far do all systems of geology agree, and such are the observations which have formed the basis of their several theories. Two rival systems have of late divided the attention of geologists, both of which profess to appeal to facts as the foundation of their deductions.

One of these, finding the causes which are at present in action upon the surface of the globe sufficient for the operation of all the changes which are visibly stamped upon its form, compensates the imbecility of these ordinary means by an arbitrary extension of time, and carries back the commencement of their operation to millions of ages; or, rather, it supposes an indefinite power of renovation, which scorns the idea of a beginning as it precludes the expectation of an end. According to this hypothesis, the continents of the present world have been formed from the detritus of pre-existing lands; the causes which destroyed the preceding mass are now in full action upon the present, and the slow disintegration of rocks by weather and storms, and the gradual abrasion of their surfaces by water, are preparing the birth of new lands, as they ensure the destruction of the old. The hollows of the valleys have been worn to their present depths by the action of the rivers, which originally ran at the level of the highest mountains, and the incessant attacks of the ocean perpetually encroach upon the barriers of the earth, the materials of which it washes away and buries in the depths of its waters. But these depths are the grand laboratory where new combinations are forming from the fragments of a former world, which, being deposited in quiet succession, are modified by the action of an internal fire, which, having melted the lower deposites by the help of the compression of the incumbent weight of waters, will finally raise its new creation into light by its expansive powers. The same causes are again to act upon this new earth, the waters of the atmosphere are again to commence

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their course from the summits of the mountains, and the sea attacking its new barrier with undiminished force will again precipitate

its spoils into the furnaces of the deep.

Such is the geological theory of Dr. Hutton. Its chief support has been derived from the ingenious illustrations of Professor Playfair. Under his auspices the igneous origin of the present order of things, and the doctrine of their incalculable and unimaginable antiquity, have derived an importance which has saved them from the merited oblivion which involves many other specu-

lations at least as worthy of being preserved.

The writings of the disciples of the rival school most triumphantly point out the absurdities of the Plutonian theory. Although it is impossible to deny the traces of the agency of fire upon the surface of our plannet, proofs of which are even now visible in the dreadful effects of volcanoes and earthquakes, yet the facts relied upon to show the universality of this agent are completely disproved. The experimental form which the idea seemed to assume from the well-conducted experiments of Sir James Hall, vanishes before the very data necessary to their success. The pressure of a resisting solid may prevent the escape of carbonic acid gas when limestone is acted upon by heat, but it would necessarily permeate every part of an incumbent fluid, and escape unchanged. Moreover, the now established stratification of granite, and the proofs of the newer construction of granite veins, which run into upper formations, are destructive of another of its essential arguments. But had not this been the case, we must confess that we are such old fashioned folks, and so bigoted to certain superstitions which we have imbibed in our youth, that the incompatibility of Dr. Hutton's hypothesis with our faith in the sacred volume would have been alone conclusive against his arguments, and we should have still been content to have remained in unphilosophical ignorance of the solution of an intricate problem, rather than adopt conclusions so glaringly inconsistent with the concurrent testimony of recorded facts and traditional history.

The theory of Werner not only boasts the best connected series of facts for its illustration, but the greatest number of able supporters. The talents and sagacity of the founder himself are of the first class; and it will ever be matter of regret that no account of his labours from his own pen enrich the records of science. Professor Jameson has ably filled the place of expositor and annotator; but it is to the labours of the indefatigable De Luc that we are chiefly indebted not only for illustrations but judicious modifications. This acute philosopher has spent the greater part of a long life in geological pursuits; and the volumes of his travels, with the theoretical application of his observations to the support of the Wernerian, and the refutation of the Huttonian

hypotheses, are monuments of logical exactness, and of unwearied

assiduity of research.

This theory sets out with a distinction between the effects of causes obviously now in operation, and of others which have ceased to act. Carried back to the formation of granite as the first discernible effect which can be traced, it supposes that all the elements of the globe were held together in one chaotic mass. mass became fluid by the extrication of the matter of heat, whereby the reciprocal power of the affinities of the different substances was brought into action. The granite strata were the first deposites from this disordered fluid, and the rest of the primitive rocks in While this operation was in the order of their succession. progress, the new-formed strata were fractured by the power of the expansive fluids which were produced by the different actions of affinity, and sinking into the caverns which were thus formed beneath them, rested in an inclined position. Other formations were again deposited upon these from the remaining fluid, influenced possibly by new affinities brought into action by the extrication of the gaseous matters. Such catastrophes occurred at different intervals, fracturing the rocks by the violence of the com-Their fragments were rounded by the tumultuous action of the waters, and gave birth to those immense deposites of waterworn stones which are so often met with in the newer formations. The organic remains which occur in these latter testify the different periods at which the earth was clothed with vegetation, and furnished with its various kinds of animated beings.

There is something more than beautiful in the correspondence of this explanation of the appearances of nature with the inspired account of the creation of the world by the great historian of the In the emphatic command of "Let there be light," we indistinctly trace a part of that comprehensive design which embraced at once all the beneficial consequences of its fulfilment -" There was light:" heat, the concomitant, and possibly only a modication of light, loosed at once the bands of nature. The spirit of God, indeed, moved upon the face of the waters; the powers of affinity, which we are never tired of admiring in our closets in a small scale, were let loose in the great deep, and dry land appeared, the product of new combinations. But further still, in the relics of a former world, preserved to us in the bosoms of the rocks, we may trace the order and succession of the creation of organic forms, as recorded in the same history. The older classes of secondary rocks contain remnants of vegetable forms alone; a second and a newer division are rich in the remains of all that the waters brought forth abundantly, while the skeletons and impressions of cattle, creeping things, and beasts of the earth,

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are discovered only in the newest alluvial formations.

The succession of catastrophes which dislocated the strata in the striking manner which we now trace, wherever their sections are exposed to view, was closed by that last subsidence which brought the waters of the ocean upon the habitations of men. The fountains of the deep were opened, the bed of the sea was changed, and our present continents rose above the retiring flood.

It is not the least ingenious and interesting part of the theory which we are contemplating, that it helps us to infer from the effects of causes which are now in action, and which commenced their course from the period of the last catastrophe of the surface of the earth, the time which has elapsed from that period. The bold outline of the boundaries of the sea is in most places broken down by the perpetual agitation of the waves. After every storm fragments of the broken strata fall down upon the gradually accumulating beach, and being rounded by the action of the water, are deposited in heaps at the feet of the rocky cliffs. These heaps increase gradually, and modifying the action of the waves, repel their attacks, and in the lapse of time become covered with the earthy deposites of the land waters, and overspread with vegeta-Thus a kind of chronometer is formed, which with little observation and calculation will give us the probable length of time since first the waves began to act upon the rugged outline of the rock.

The accumulation of sand upon different coasts, the gradually increasing deposites of mud at the mouths of rivers, the progress of new lands, the filling up of lakes, and the raising of marshes by the slow depositions of the sediments of water, together with the formation of stalactitical incrustations, are similar measures of the like period. All these concurrent testimonies prove that the time from the formation of our present continents cannot have exceeded a very few thousand years, affording another proof of the authenticity of that history which relates the stupendous story of the universal deluge.

Such is the outline of the Wernerian theory. It must be allowed to be consistent with the known laws of chymical and mechanical philosophy; and although in many instances it may be thought to have ventured too far into the regions of fancy, yet its speculations have imported from thence no arts to disguise incon-

sistency, or arms to assist presumption.

Geology within this year or two has assumed a different mien. Observation has superseded useless speculation, and the classification of the different formations of the earth's surface, the distinction and description of different individuals of a series, the analysis of minerals, and the investigation of their properties, have taken the place of useless cavils about remoter causes. It is by such gradual means that we may hope to penetrate the secrets of

time; -step by step to unravel the long series of past events; -to

harmonize philosophy with divinity.

In adverting to this revolution in the science we have been considering, we are happy in an opportunity of directing attention to the exertions of a body of scientific men, who have lately formed themselves into a society in this country for the advancement of geology. Attached to no particular system, they meet together for the purpose of encouraging and facilitating inquiry, and by the discussion of opinions to elicit truth. Their early labours have been crowned with merited success, and the first volume of their transactions is replete with original, well-described, and highly interesting observations. Their later proceedings we shall hope shortly to see recorded; and it will be, we trust, not the least instructive part of our labours, either to ourselves or our readers, to watch from time to time the progress of researches which we are convinced will contribute most essentially to erect upon a rational basis a true system of geology.

But we must abridge our observations upon the present state of the science in general, for the sake of the book which we have named at the head of this article, and which is of too interesting a character, both from the names of its author and annotator, and the contents of its pages, not to claim some space for its analysis.

An Essay upon the Theory of the Earth by Cuvier, one of the first geologists of France, with mineralogical notes by Jameson, who holds a parallel situation among British naturalists, is well calculated to excite attention; and we do not scruple to say that it will be read with satisfaction by the numerous students of this interesting science. It may be considered as a condensed view of the various discoveries with which its eminent author has enriched geology; and more particularly that department of it which relates to the history of the fossil remains of organized bodies. These remains of animal and vegetable substances vary as to the state in which they are found as much as they do in their respective species. Sometimes the most delicate bodies are little changed by the processes which they have undergone; sometimes they are completely impregnated with stony matter; and often they exhibit mere casts of the original substance. It has been the arduous undertaking of M. Cuvier not only to class the different species, and compare them with their existing analogues, but carefully to ascertain the superpositions of the strata in which their remains occur, and their connexion with the different animals and plants which they enclose. A condensed and highly interesting view of these observations in general is given in the notes; but the peculiar subject of the essay before us consists in the investigation of the fossil remains of quadrupeds.

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The highest degree of importance attaches to this class of extraneous fossils. They indicate more clearly than others the nature of the revolutions they have undergone. The important fact of the repeated irruptions of the sea upon the land is by them placed beyond a doubt. The remains of shells and of other bodies of marine origin might merely indicate that the sea had once existed where these collections are found. Thousands of aquatic animals may have been left dry by a recess of the waves, while their races may have been preserved in more peaceful parts of the ocean. But a change in the bed of the sea, and a general irruption of its waters, must have destroyed all the quadrupeds within the reach of its influence. Thus entire classes of animals, or at least many species, must have been utterly destroyed. Whether this actually has been the case we are more easily able to determine from the greater precision of our knowledge with respect to the quadrupeds, and the smaller limits of their number. It may be decided at once whether fossil bones belong to any species which still exists, or to one that is lost; but it is impossible to say whether fossil testaceous animals, although unknown to the zoologist, may not belong to genera yet undiscovered in the fathomless depths of the sea.

This indefatigable observer of nature, from a mature consideration of the subject, after a display of the most complete knowledge of the osteology of comparative anatomy, and after a learned comparison of the description of the rare animals of the ancients, and the fabulous products of their imaginations, draws the following

instructive conclusion.

"None of the larger species of quadrupeds, whose remains are now found imbedded in regular rocky strata, are at all similar to any of the known living species. This circumstance is by no means the mere effect of chance, or because the species to which these fossil bones have belonged are still concealed in the desert and uninhabited parts of the world, and have hitherto escaped the observation of travellers, but this astonishing phenomenon has proceeded from general causes, and the careful investigation of it affords one of the best means for discovering and investigating the nature of those causes."

The method of observation adopted is susceptible of the utmost accuracy, and affords a specimen of induction from facts highly honourable to human reason.

"Every organized individual forms an entire system of its own, all the parts of which mutually correspond and concur to produce a certain definite purpose by reciprocal reaction, or by combining towards the same end. Hence none of these separate parts can change their forms without a corresponding change on the other parts of the same animal, and, consequently, each of these parts taken separately indicates all the other parts to which it has belonged. Thus, if the viscera of an animal are so organized as only to be fitted for the digestion of recent flesh, it is also requisite that the jaws should be so constructed as to fit them for devouring their prey; the claws must be constructed for seizing and tearing it to pieces; the teeth for cutting and dividing its flesh; the entire system of the limbs, or organs of motion, for pursuing and overtaking it; and the organs of sense for discovering it at a distance. Hence any one who observes merely the print of a cloven foot, may conclude that it has been left by a ruminant animal; and regard the conclusion as equally certain with any other in physics or in morals. Consequently, this single foot-mark clearly indicates to the observer the forms of the teeth, of the jaws, of the vertebræ, of all the leg bones, thighs, shoulders, and of the trunk of the body of the animal that left the mark."

It is from this connexion of all the different parts of an animal that the smallest piece of bone may become the sure index of the class and species of animal to which it has belonged; and it is from an indefatigable and ingenious application of this rule that our author has been enabled to class the fossil remains of seventy-eight different quadrupeds, of which forty-nine are distinct species, hitherto unknown to naturalists. The bones are generally dispersed, seldom occurring in complete skeletons, and still more rarely is the fleshy part of the animal preserved. We extract the following interesting instance of the preservation of the carcass of the mammoth, which is given by Professor Cuvier as taken from a report in the supplement to the Journal du Nord, by M. Adams, a member of the academy of St. Petersburgh.

"In the year 1799 a Tungusian fisherman observed a strange, shapeless mass projecting from an ice-bank, near the mouth of a river in the north of Siberia, the nature of which he did not understand, and which was so high in the bank as to be beyond his reach. He next year observed the same object, which was then rather more disengaged from among the ice, but was still unable to conceive what it was. Towards the end of the following summer, 1801, he could distinctly see that it was the frozen carcass of an enormous animal, the entire flank of which, and one of its tusks, had become disengaged from the ice. In consequence of the ice beginning to melt earlier and to a greater degree than usual in 1803, the fifth year of this discovery, the enormous carcass became entirely disengaged, and fell down from the ice-crag on a sand bank, forming part of the coast of the Arctic ocean. In the month of March in that year the Tungusian carried away the two tusks, which he sold for the value of fifty rubles; and at this time a drawing was made of the animal, of which I possess a copy.

"Two years afterwards, or in 1806, Mr. Adams went to examine this animal, which still remained on the sand bank where it had fallen from the ice, but its body was then greatly mutilated. The

Jukuts of the neighbourhood had taken away considerable quantities of its flesh to feed their dogs; and the wild animals, particularly the white bears, had also feasted on the carcass; yet the skeleton remained entire, except that one of the fore legs was gone. The entire spine, the pelvis, one shoulder blade, and three legs were still held together by their ligaments and by some remains of the skin; and the other shoulder blade was found at a short distance. The head remained covered by the dry skin; and the pupil of the eyes was still distinguishable. The brain also remained within the skull, but a good deal shrunk and dried up; and one of the ears was in excellent preservation, still retaining a tuft of strong, bristly hair. The upper lip was a good deal eaten away, and the under lip was entirely gone, so that the teeth were distinctly seen. The skin was extremely thick and heavy, and as much of it remained as required the exertions of ten men to carry away, which they did with considerable difficulty. More than thirty pounds weight of the hair and bristles of this animal were gathered from the wet sand bank, having been trampled into the mud by the white bears while devouring the carcass. Some of the hair was presented to our Museum of Natural History by M. Targe, censor in the Lyceum of Charlemagne. It consisted of three distinct kinds: one of these is stiff, black bristles, a foot or more in length; another is thinner bristles, of coarse flexible hair of a reddish brown colour; and the third is a coarse reddish brown wool, which grew among the roots of the long hair. These afford an undeniable proof that this animal has belonged to a race of elephants inhabiting a cold region, with which we are now unacquainted, and by no means fitted to dwell in the torrid zone. It is also evident that the enormous animal must have been frozen up by the ice at the moment of its death."

But one of the most important and interesting of the observations for which we are indebted to the precision of the French naturalist is the distinction of two different formations amongst These consist of alternate deposites from salt secondary strata. and fresh water; and are characterized by the nature of the shells which are found imbedded in them. The country about Paris is founded upon chalk. This is covered with clay and a coarse limestone, containing marine petrifactions. Over this lies an alternating series of gypsum and clay, in which occur the remains of quadrupeds, birds, fish, and shells, all of land or fresh water species. Above this interesting stratum lie marl and sandstone, containing marine shells, which are covered with beds of limestone and flint, which again contain petrifactions of fresh water remains. The upper bed of all is of an alluvial nature, in which trunks of trees, bones of elephants, oxen and rein-deer, intermingled with salt water productions, seem to suggest that both salt and fresh water have contributed to its accumulation. This alternate flux and reflux of the two fluids is a most extraordinary

phenomenon, and promises to lead to an important conclusion re-

specting the general theory of the earth.

We are inclined to think that something analogous to the process which produced these changes may be perceived in operations which are going on in our own time, and in gradual alterations which have been effected within the memory of one generation. The following extract from the accurate descriptions of the indefatigable De Luc will better explain our ideas upon this subject. We have selected one from among many instances which are afforded by an attentive examination of our own coasts.

"Slapton Lee occupies the lower part of a combe, which at first formed a recess in the bay, but the sea before it being shallow, the waves brought up the gravel from the bottom along the coast, and the beach thus produced passed at length quite across this recess, which it closed: since then, the fresh water proceeding from the combe has almost entirely displaced the salt water within this space; because the former arriving there freely, and passing through the gravel of the beach, repels the small quantity of the sea water which filtrates into it. Slapton Lee, which is about two miles in length and a quarter of a mile in its greatest breadth, is a little brackish, on account of its communications with the sea water, as well through the gravel in common seasons, as when there is any opening in the beach; however, it contains fresh water fish, carp, tench, and pike. The sediments of the land waters are tending to fill up this basis, and wherever the bottom is sufficiently raised the reeds are beginning to grow."

Such, we conceive, may have been the process which formed a fresh water deposite upon a marine basis. By extending the analogy further, we can have little difficulty in conceiving that the barrier thus raised by the action of the waves may have been easily destroyed again, even by an extraordinary exertion of the same power which raised it, or by some other of those violent revolutions whose effects are marked upon the face of the whole Thus a way was opened for a return of the waters of the ocean, which again deposited their sediments and the remains of their living tribes, and thus gave rise to the upper salt water strata. The same causes again acting excluded once more the waves of the sea, and gave time for the deposite of the upper fresh water Such an explanation appears to us simple and satisfactory. It accounts for the phenomena of nature by nature's But however this may be, the sagacity which first pointed out the distinction cannot be too much praised. The discovery has already stimulated the exertions of others, and there is reason to suppose that the phenomenon is not only not confined to the environs of Paris, but is of pretty general occurrence in secondary

countries. A similar formation has been lately observed in the Isle of Wight; and has been most scientifically described and compared with the French strata by a member of the Geological Society, in a most interesting paper lately laid before that body.

It is remarkable that those coarse limestone strata which are chiefly employed at Paris for building, are the last formed series which indicate a long and quiet continuance of the water of the sea above the surface of the continent. Above them, indeed, there are found formations containing abundance of shells and other productions of the sea, but these consist of alluvial materials, sand, marl, sandstone, or clay, which rather indicate transportations that have taken place with some degree of violence than strata formed by quiet depositions; and where some regular rocky strata of inconsiderable extent and thickness appear above or below these alluvial formations they generally bear the marks of having been deposited from fresh water. All the known specimens of the bones of viviparous land quadrupeds have either been found in these formations from fresh water, or in the alluvial formations; whence there is every reason to conclude that these animals have only begun to exist, or at least to leave their remains in the strata of our earth since that retreat of the sea which was next before its last irruption. It has also been clearly ascertained, from an attentive consideration of the relation of the different remains with the strata in which they have been discovered, that oviparous quadrupeds are found in much older strata than those of the viviparous class. Some of the former have been observed in and even beneath the chalk. Dry land and fresh waters must therefore have existed before the formation of the chalk strata. No bones of mammiferous quadrupeds are to be found till we come to the newer formations, which lie over the coarse limestone strata incumbent on the chalk. Determinate order may also be observed in the succession of these. The genera which are now unknown are the lowest in position: unknown species of known genera are next in succession: and, lastly, the bones of species, apparently the same with those which are now in existence, are never found but in the latest alluvial depositions.

The more we learn respecting the secondary strata of the globe, the more interesting becomes the investigation. The bold outline of the primitive ranges, their cloud-capt summits and majestic forms, are calculated to rivet the attention; but they rather force the fancy to speculate upon their formation, than lead the judgment by internal evidences to their origin. It is in the curious observations above recited that we seem to approach the history of our own state. The study of secondary formations is as yet scarcely commenced. The labours of Cuvier have thrown a new light upon their high importance; already by his exertions has the

history of the most recent changes been ascertained, in one particular spot, as far as the chalk formation. This, which has hitherto been conceived to be of very modern origin, is shown to have owed its deposition to causes connected with the revolution and catastrophe before the last general irruption of the waters over our present habitable world. Our author well observes that these posterior geological facts which have hitherto been neglected by geologists, furnish the only clew by which we may hope, in some measure, to dispel the darkness of the preceding times.

"It would certainly be exceedingly satisfactory to have the fossil organic productions arranged in chronological order, in the same manner as we now have the principal mineral substances. By this the science of organization itself would be improved; the developments of animal life; the succession of its forms; the precise determinations of those which have been first called into existence, the simultaneous production of certain species and their gradual extinction;—all these would perhaps instruct us fully as much in the essence of organization as all the experiments that we shall ever be able to make upon living animals: and man, to whom only a short space of time is allowed upon the earth, would have the glory of restoring the history of thousands of ages which preceded the existence of the race, and of thousands of animals which never were cotemporaneous with his species."

The Heroine; or Adventures of a Fair Romance Reader. By Eaton Stannard Barrett, Esq. 3 Vols.

[From the Critical Review.]

This is a very spirited and laughable satire upon the various productions under the name of novels and romances which have appeared for the last eighteen or nineteen years. Mr. Barrett deserves the thanks of all sensible mothers and guardians who wish well to the rising generation for the pains which he has taken to expose the destructive nonsense with which we have been inundated by this species of composition.

dated by this species of composition.

In the volumes before us, the author gives us the history of a young lady of the age of fifteen, the only daughter of a respectable farmer, who having been committed to the care of a governess, is instructed in nothing but the study of novel and romance reading. The governess, however, is discharged in disgrace by the father of our heroine at the beginning of the work, and turned out of the house, owing to an amour with the butler. Our heroine, whose real name is Cherry Wilkinson, solaces herself for the loss of her companion and governess by writing to her, in the language of

romance, in which she pours out her sorrows in a copious stream of eloquent absurdity. Poor Miss Cherry's brains are so bewildered with the trash which she has been reading, that she is mad to be a heroine; and, though naturally a very amiable, sensible girl, she becomes a perfect maniac in search of adventures. She deplores her hard lot in being doomed to waste her bloom, beauty, and youth, in a series of uninterrupted prosperity. She declares to her beloved governess, that her

"ambition is to be a heroine, and how can I hope to succeed in my vocation unless I suffer privations and inconveniences? Besides, have I not far greater merit in getting a husband by sentiment, adventure, and melancholy, than by dressing, gadding, dancing, and singing? For heroines are just as much on the alert to get husbands as other young ladies; and to say the truth, I would never voluntarily subject myself to misfortunes, were I not certain that matrimony would be the last of them. But even misery itself has its consolations and advantages. It makes one, at least, look interesting, and affords an opportunity for ornamental murmurs. Besides, it is the mark of a refined mind. Only fools, children, and savages, are happy."

From this specimen the reader may pretty well judge what kind of amusement Miss Cherry promises in her history. She discovers that from the beauty of her person, she is well qualified for a heroine; as her form is tall and aërial, her face Grecian, her tresses flaxen, her eyes blue and sleepy, with a remarkable mole just over her temple. So far so well; but then, she is thrown into despair on account of her birth, for she exclaims, if "even my legitimacy was suspected, it would be some comfort; since, in that case, I should assuredly start forth, at one time or other, the daughter of some plaintive nobleman, who lives refired and slaps his forehead." She is also perplexed about her name, which is by no means of the heroic kind. She therefore changes it to Cherubina; and ruminating upon her hard fate of being wealthy and pretty, she determines to think that she is not the real daughter of her father—but that she is some orphan of illustrious descent, reserved to encounter all manner of extraordinary adventures, equally delightful with those with which her beloved romances so fruitfully She accordingly assails her father in the true romance style; her hands folded across her bosom, and her blue eyes raised to his face, she conjures him to tell her who are her parents; for she has discovered a mystery in her birth, and urges him to confess his crimes, and tell her where her dear distracted father is lingering out the remnant of his miserable days? The poor farmer is thunderstruck, and believes that her senses are lost past recovery. All these scenes, which are made truly laughable, are related to her dear governess by letter, in the genuine dramatic style; and in so doing, she follows the example of all true heroines.

"Indeed," she says "I cannot enough admire the fortitude of these charming creatures, who, while they are in momentary expectation of losing their lives, or their honours, or both, sit down with the utmost unconcern, and indite the wittiest letters in the world. They have even sufficient presence of mind to copy the vulgar dialect, uncouth phraseology, and bad grammar, of the villains whom they dread; and all this in the neatest and liveliest style imaginable."

Miss Cherry, or Cherubina, is, however, determined to quit her father's house; and this determination is hastened by learning that a young man, a friend of her father's, is coming upon a visit, and from a hint, which he throws out, that it is not unlikely but that this gentleman may fall in love with her, she is thrown into despair. Threatened with a husband of decent birth, parentage, and education! horrid! most horrid! so very unlike a heroine!

"Yes, I will roam," she exclaims, "through the wide world in search of my parents; I will ransack all the sliding pannels and tapestries in Italy; I will explore Il Castello di Udolpho, and will then enter the convent of Ursulines, or Carmelites, or Santa della Pieta, or the Abbey of La Trappe. Here I meet with nothing better than smiling faces and honest hearts; or, at best, with but sneaking villains. No precious scoundrels are here; no horrors or atrocities worth mentioning. But abroad I shall encounter banditti, menks, daggers, racks. O ye celebrated terrors, when shall I taste you?"

Before she departs she determines on a rummage, in order to find some record or relic that may lead to what she calls her mysterious birth. Accordingly she steals into her father's room, and finds in his scrutoire an antique piece of tattered parchment, on which are written, amongst other names, De Willoughby, and Lady Gwyn, of Gwyn castle. This is enough for our heroine; though the parchment is nothing more nor less than part of a lease of lives, it is however an irrefragable proof to her that she is no less a person than the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby. With this notable parchment, and an old picture, which she finds, of Nell Gwyn, she elopes from her father's mansion, for London, that grand emporium of adventure for heroes and heroines.

In the character of Lady Cherubina de Willoughby, a heroine in search of her parents, she finds, to her utter astonishment, that she cannot do as the heroines do of whom she had read, and whom she contemplated so much. For after walking in the wet for some miles, she finds herself fatigued, cold, and stiff: whereas, all the lovely heroines whom she wished to imitate, were able to perform journeys on foot that would founder fifty horses. If she enters a cottage, to her astonishment, instead of beauties, she finds a family of frights, with flat noses, and thick lips. No Annettes and Lubins,

but plain Molls and Bets, Jacks and Toms. To follow our heroine through all the mazes of her adventures would be impossible; but we must remark, that they are extremely well planned, and portrayed with much vivacity and drollery. Some of the scenes are truly ludicrous. The following is the account which Cherubina gives of her rencounter with a Mr. Abraham Grundy, who is one of the understrappers at the theatre.

"At length I reached an immense edifice, which appeared to me the castle of some brow-knitting baron; ponderous columns supported it, and statues stood in the niches, the portal lay open. I glided into the hall. As I looked anxiously around, I beneft a cavalier descending a flight of steps. He paused, muttered some words, laid his hand upon his heart, dropped it, shook his head, and proceeded. I felt instantly interested in his fate; and as he came nearer, perceived, that surely, never lighted on this orb, which he hardly seemed to touch, a more delightful vision. His form was tall, his face eval, and his nose aquiline: seducing sweetness dwelled in his smile, and as he pleased. his expressive eyes could sparkle with rapture, or beam with sensibility. Once more he paused, frowned, and waving his arm, exclaimed, with an elegant energy of enunciation! 'To watch the minutes of this night, that if again this apparition come, he may approve our eyes, and speak to it.' That moment a pang, poignant, but delicious, transfixed my bosom. Too well I felt, and confessed it the dart of love. \* \* \* I rushed forward, and sank at the feet of the stranger. Pity and protect a destitute orphan! cried I, 'Here, in this hospitable castle I may hope for repose and protection. O Signior, conduct me to your respected mother, the baroness, and let me pour into her ear my simple and pathetic tale.' 'O ho! simple and pathetic!' cried he, 'Come my dear, let me hear it.' I seated myself on the steps, and told him my story. During the recital, the noble youth betrayed extreme sensibility; sometimes he turned his head aside to conceal his emotion; and sometimes stifled an hysterical laugh of agony. When I had ended, he begged to know whether I was quite certain that I had ten thousand pounds in my power. I replied, that as Wilkinson's daughter, I certainly had; but that the property must devolve to some one else, as soon as I should be proved a nobleman's daughter.' He then made still more accurate inquiries about it; and after having satisfied himself, 'Beshrew my heart!' exclaimed he, 'but I will avenge your injuries; and ere long you shall be proclaimed and acknowledged the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby. Meantime, as it will be prudent for you to lie concealed from the search of your enemies, hear the project which I have formed. I lodge at present in Drury lane, an obscure street; and as one apartment in the house is unoccupied, you can hire it, and remain there a beautiful recluse, till fortune, and my poor efforts, shall rescue from oppression the most enchanting of her sex.' He spoke, and seizing my hand, carried it to his lips What!' cried I, ' do you not live in this castle, and are you not its noble heir?' 'This is no castle,' said he, 'but Covent Garden-

'And you?' asked I with anxiety, 'am an actor,' answer-'And your name?' 'Is Abraham Grundy,' 'Then Mr. Abraham Grundy,' said I, ' allow me to have the satisfaction of wishing you a very good evening.' 'Stay!' cried he, detaining me, 'and you shall know the whole truth. My birth is illustrious, and my real name Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci. But like you, I am enveloped in a cloud of mysteries, and compelled to the temporary resource of Hereafter, I will acquaint you with the most secret particulars of my life; but at present, you must trust to my good faith, and accept of my protection.' 'Generous Montmorenci,' exclaimed I, giving him my hand, which he pressed upon his heart. 'Now,' said he, 'you must pass at these lodgings as my near relation, or they will not admit you.' At first I hesitated at deviating from veracity; but soon consented, on recollecting, that though heroines begin with praising truth, necessity makes them end with being the greatest story-tellers in the world. Nay, Clarissa Harlow, when she had a choice, often preferred falsehood to fact. \*\*\*

"\* \* \* Thus, my friend, the plot of my history begins to take a more interesting shape, and a fairer order of misfortune smiles upon me. Trust me, there is a taste in distress, as well as in millinery. Far be from me the loss of eyes or limbs, such publicity as the pillory affords, or the grossness of a gaol fever. I would be sacrificed to the lawless, not to the laws; dungeoned in the holy inquisition, not clapped into Bridewell; recorded in a novel, not in the Newgate calendar. Were I inelegantly unhappy, I should be wretched indeed. Yes, my Biddy, sensations hitherto unknown now heave my white bosom, vary the carnation of my cheeks, and irradiate my azure eyes. I sigh, gaze on vacancy, start from a reverie; now bite, now moisten my coral lips, and pace my chamber with unequal steps. For sure I am deeply, distractedly in love, and Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci is the first of men."

Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, alias Abraham Grundy, is a most entertaining and brilliant personage: and makes no slight impression on the heart, or rather the imagination, of the Lady Cherubina de Willoughby.

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"This young nobleman," she exclaims in one of her letters to her friend and ex-governess, "increases my estimation every moment; never can you catch him out of a picturesque position. He would exhaust in one hour all the attitudes of all the statues; when he talks tenderness his eyes glow with a moist fire, and he always brings in his heart with peculiar happiness. Then, too, his oaths are at once well conceived, and elegantly expressed. Thunderbolts and the fixed stars are ever at his elbow, and no man can sink himself to perdition with so fine a grace."

This fine picturesque fellow, finding that plain Cherry Wilkinson, the only child of a very rich farmer, will, independently of her father, have ten thousand pounds, humours the extravagant

whims of the romantic dame, and makes fierce love to her in the character of Lord Altamont. This occasions a rich tissue of very absurd and laughable scenes.

Mr. Wilkinson follows his daughter to London; and an interview takes place, in which he implores her to return home to a safe shelter under his paternal roof; but our heroine astonishes and alarms her poor father by the following positive refusal:

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"Wilkinson," said I, "this interview must be short, pointed, and As to calling yourself my father, that is a stale trick, and will not pass; and as to personating (what I perceive you aspire to) the grand villain of my plot, your corpulency, pardon me, puts that out of the question forever. I should be just as happy to employ you as any other man I know; but excuse me, if I say that you overrate your talents and qualifications. Have you the gaunt ferocity of famine in your countenance? Can you darken the midnight of a scowl? Have you the quivering lip and the Schedoniac contour? And while the lower part of your face is hidden in black drapery, can your eyes glare from under the edge of a cow!? In a word, are you a picturesque villain, full of plot, and horror, and magnificent wickedness? Ah, no, sir, you are only a sleek, good-humoured, chuckle-headed gentleman. Continue, then, what nature made you; return to your plough, mow, reap, fatten your pigs, and the parson; but never again attempt to get yourself thrust into the pages of a romance."

Notwithstanding this romantic mania of the Lady Cherubina, she is a girl of much good sense and great propriety of conduct and decorum of manners; for, when any thing occurs, which strikes her as improper, she is Cherry Wilkinson directly. In one of her love interviews with Lord Altamont Mortimer Montmorenci, his lordship forgets his proper distance; and assuming more of the character of Abraham Grundy than became him, he catches the lady under the chin, and gives her a kiss on the lips. As Cherry Wilkinson, she feels her modesty wounded, and herself insulted: and, as the Lady Cherubina, she sets the gentleman right, and convinces him that she is not to be so vulgarly treated. She says,

"I have no notion of submitting to any freedom that is not sanctioned by the precedent of those exalted models whom I have the honour to imitate. I fancy, my lord, you will find, that as far as a kiss on the hand, or an arm round the waist, they have no particular objection. But a salute on the lip is considered inaccurate."

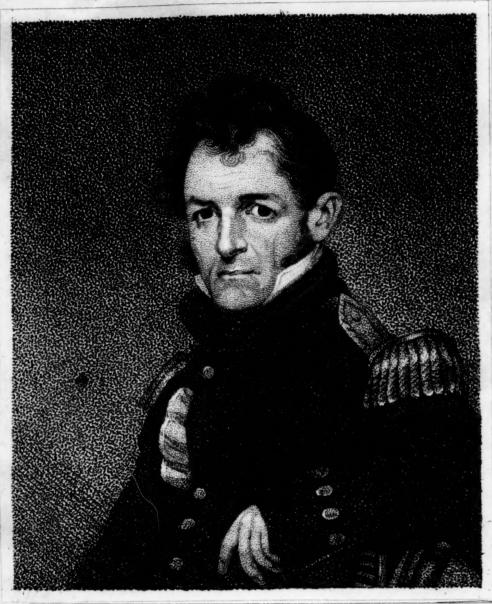
His lordship is open to reproof, and has little else to say for himself, but that it was a practice in his country. Cherry, however, congratulates herself on having repulsed his lordship in the following manner:

"I think I was right about the kiss. I confess I am not one of those girls who try to attract men through the medium of the touch; and

who thus excite passion at the expense of respect. Lips are better employed in sentiment than in kissing. Indeed, had I not been fortified by the precedent of other heroines, I should have felt, and I fear, did actually feel, even the classical embrace of Montmorenci too great a freedom. But remember, I am still in my noviciate. After a little practice, I shall probably think it rather a pleasure to be strained, and pressed, and folded to the heart. Yet, of this I am certain, that I shall never attain sufficient hardihood to ravish a kiss from a man's mouth, as the divine Heloise did, who once ran at St. Preux, and astonished him with the most balmy and remarkable kiss upon record. Poor fellow! he was never the same after it."

We cannot trace our heroine through all the numerous adventures and laughable incidents to which her delusion gives rise. She is, however, brought to her senses, by discovering the various tricks which are played upon her; and, through the care and interference of a friend, she escapes the snare which is laid to entrap her into a marriage with the Lord Altamont, alias Grundy. She descends from her stilts, and recovers her sanity towards the close of the third volume. On the whole, we have been very much entertained with this ingenious performance, and think that Mr. Barrett deserves well of the public, for thus endeavouring, through the medium of good humoured ridicule, to expose the bombastic nonsense, in the noxious farrago of modern novels, by which the judgment of our young women is perverted, and their taste for solid and instructive reading is depraved. Many judicious remarks are dispersed through these volumes; and the simple story of William and Mary is moreover very creditable to Mr. Barrett's talents for the pathetic.

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## DAVID PORTER ESQ.

of the United States Navy

Engravd for Analectic Magazine Published by M. Thomas.

## BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIR

OF

## CAPTAIN DAVID PORTER.

DAVID PORTER, the eldest son of Captain David Porter, was born in Boston on the 1st February, 1730. His father was an officer in our navy during the revolutionary war, and distinguished himself on various occasions by his activity, enterprise, and daring spirit. Being necessarily absent from home for the greater part of his time, the charge of his infant family devolved almost entirely on his wife. She was a pious and intelligent woman; the friend and instructor of her children, teaching them not merely by her precepts, but by her amiable and virtuous example.

Soon after the conclusion of the war, Captain Porter removed with his household to Baltimore, where he took command of the revenue cutter the Active. Here in the bosom of his family he would indulge in the veteran's foible of recounting past scenes of peril and adventure, and talking over the wonders and vicissitudes that chequer a sea-faring life. Little David would sit for hours and listen and kindle at these marvellous tales, while his father, perceiving his own love of enterprise springing up in the bosom of the lad, took every means to cherish it, and to inspire him with a passion for the sea. He at the same time gave him all the education and instruction that his limited means afforded, and being afterwards in command of a vessel in the West-India trade, proposed to take him a voyage by way of initiating him into the life of a sailor. The constitution of the latter being feeble and delicate excited all the apprehensions of a tender mother, who remonstrated with maternal solicitude, against exposing the puny stripling to the dangers and hardships of so rude a life. Her objections, however, were either obviated or overruled, and at the age of sixteen he sailed with his father for the West Indies, in the While at the port of Jeremie, in the island of schooner Eliza. Vol. IV. New Series.

St. Domingo, a pressgang endeavoured to board the vessel in search for men: they were bravely repelled with the loss of several killed and wounded on both sides; one man was shot down close by the side of young Porter. This affair excited considerable attention at the time. A narrative of it appeared in the public papers, and much praise was given to Captain Porter for the gallant vindication of his flag.

In the course of his second voyage, which he performed as mate of a ship, from Baltimore to St. Domingo, young Porter had a further taste of the vicissitudes of a sailor's life. He was twice impressed by the British, and each time effected his escape, but was so reduced in purse as to be obliged to work his passage home in the winter season, destitute of necessary clothing. In this forlorn condition he had to perform duty on a cold and stormy coast, where every spray was converted instantaneously into a sheet of ice. It would appear almost incredible that his feeble frame, little inured to hardship, could have sustained so much, were it not known how greatly the exertions of the body are supported by mental excitement.

Scarcely had he recovered from his late fatigues when he applied for admission into the navy; and on receiving a midshipman's warrant, immediately joined the frigate Constellation, Commodore Truxton. In the action with the French frigate the Insurgent, Porter was stationed in the foretop, and distinguished himself by his good conduct. Want of friends alone prevented his promotion at the time. When Commodore Barron was appointed to the command of the Constellation, Porter was advanced to the rank of lieutenant solely on account of his merit, having no friends or connexions capable of urging his fertunes. He was ordered to join the United States schooner Experiment under Captain Maley, to be employed on the West-India station. During the cruise they had a long and obstinate engagement with a number of brigand barges in the Bite of Leogan, which afforded him another opportunity of bringing himself into notice. He was also frequently employed in boat expeditions to cut out vessels, in which he displayed much coolness and address. Commodore Talbot, who commanded on that station, gave him charge of the Amphitrite, a small pilot boat prize schooner mounting five small swivels taken from the tops of the Constellation, and manned with

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Efteen hands. Not long after taking this command he fell in with a French privateer mounting a long twelve pounder and several swivels, having a crew of forty men, and accompanied by a prize ship and a large barge with thirty men armed with swivels. Notwithstanding the great disparity of force, Porter ordered his vessel to be laid alongside the privateer. The contest was arduous, and for some time doubtful, for in the commencement of the action he lost his rudder, which rendered the schooner unmanageable. The event, however, excused the desperateness of the attack, for after an obstinate and bloody resistance the privateer surrendered with the loss of seven killed and fifteen wounded. Not a man of Porter's crew was killed; several, however, were wounded, and his vessel was much injured. The prize was also taken, but the barge escaped. The conduct of Lieutenant Porter in this gallant little affair was highly applauded by his commander.

Shortly after his return to the United States he sailed, as first lieutenant, in the Experiment, commanded by Captain Charles Stewart. They were again stationed in the West Indies, and afforded great protection to the American commerce in that quarter. They had several engagements with French privateers, and were always successful, insomuch that they became the terror of those marauders of the ocean, and effectually controlled their rapacity and kept them quiet in port. The gallant and lamented Trippe was second lieutenant of the Experiment at the time.

When the first squadron was ordered for the Mediterranean, Porter sailed as first lieutenant of the schooner Enterprise, Captain Stewart. In this cruise they encountered a Tripolitan corsair of very superior force; a severe battle ensued in which the enemy suffered great slaughter, and was compelled to surrender, while our ship received but little injury. In this brilliant action Porter acquired much reputation from the conspicuous part he acted. He afterwards served on board of different ships in the Mediterranean station, and distinguished himself by his intrepidity and zeal whenever an opportunity presented. On one occasion he commanded an expedition of boats sent to destroy some vessels laden with wheat, at anchor in the harbour of old Tripoli; the service was promptly and effectually performed; in the engagement he received a musket ball through his left thigh.

Shortly after recovering from his wound he was transposed from the New-York to the Philadelphia, Captain Bainbridge, as first The frigate was then lying at Gibraltar, when he joined her in September, 1803. She soon after sailed for the blockade of Tripoli. No event took place worthy of mention until the 31st of October. Nearly a week previous to this illfated day, the weather had been tempestuous, which rendered it prudent to keep the ship off the land. The 31st opened with all the splendour of a Sicilian morning: the promise of a more delightful day never appeared. The land was just observed, when a sail was descried making for the harbour, with a pleasant easterly reeze. It was soon ascertained to be an armed ship of the enemy, and all sail was set in chase. After an ineffectual pursuit of several leagues, Captain Bainbridge had just given orders to hale off, when the frigate grounded. Every expedient that skill or courage could devise to float or defend her, was successively resorted to, but in vain. The particulars of this unfortunate affair are too generally known to need a minute recital; it is sufficient to add that this noble ship and her gallant crew were surrendered to a barbarous and dastardly enemy, whose only motive in warfare is the hope of plunder. Throughout the long and dreary confinement, which ensued, in the dungeons of Tripoli, Porter never suffered himself for a moment to sink into despondency; but supported the galling indignities and hardships of his situation with equanimity and even cheerfulness. A seasonable supply of books served to beguile the hours of imprisonment, and enabled him even to turn them to advantage. He closely applied himself to the study of ancient and modern history, biography, the French language, and drawing; in which art, so useful to a seaman, he has made himself a considerable proficient. He also sedulously cultivated the theory of his profession, and improved the junior officers by his frequent instructions; representing the manœuvres of fleets in battle by means of small boards ingeniously arranged. He was active in promoting any plan of labour or amusement that could ameliorate the situation or dispel the gloomy reflections of his companions. By these means captivity was robbed of its heaviest evils, that dull monotony that wearies the spirits, and that mental inactivity that engenders melancholy and hypochondria.

An incident which occurred during his confinement deserves to be mentioned, as being highly creditable to Lieutenant Porter. Under the rooms occupied by the officers was a long dark passage, through which the American sailors, who were employed in public labour, frequently passed to different parts of the castle. Their conversation being repeatedly heard as they passed to and fro, some one made a small hole in the wall to communicate with them. For some days a constant intercourse was kept up, by sending down notes tied to a string. Some persons, however, indiscreetly entering into conversation with the seamen, were overheard, and information immediately carried to the Bashaw. In a few minutes the bolts of the prison door were heard to fly back with unwonted violence, and Sassi (chief officer of the castle) rushed furiously in. His features were distorted, and his voice almost inarticulate with He demanded in a vehement tone of voice by whom or whose authority the wall had been opened; when Porter advanced with a firm step and composed countenance, and replied, "I alone am responsible." He was abruptly and rudely hurried from the prison, and the gate was again closed. This generous self-devotion, while it commanded the admiration of his companions, heightened their anxiety for his fate; apprehending some act of violence from the impetuous temper and absolute power of the Bashaw. Their fears, however, were appeared by the return of Porter, after considerable detention; having been dismissed without any further severity through the intercession of the minister Mahomet Dghies. who had on previous occasions shown a friendly disposition towards the prisoners.

It is unnecessary here to dwell on the various incidents that occurred in this tedious captivity, and of the many ingenious and adventurous plans of escape, devised and attempted by our officers, in all which Porter took an active and prominent part. When peace was at length made, and they were restored to light and liberty, he embarked with his companions for Syracuse, where a court of inquiry was held on the loss of the Philadelphia. After an honourable acquittal he was appointed to the command of the United States Brig Enterprise, and soon after was ordered by Commodore Rodgers to proceed to Tripoli, with permission to cruise along the shore of Bengazi, and to visit the ruins of Leptis Magna, an-

ciently a Roman colony: He was accompanied in this expedition by some of his friends, and after a short and pleasant passage, anchored near the latter place. They passed three days in wandering among the mouldering remains of Roman taste and grandeur; and excavated in such places as seemed to promise a reward for A number of ancient coins and cameos were their researches. found, and, among other curiosities, were two statues in tolerable preservation; the one a warrior, the other a female figure, of beautiful white marble and excellent workmanship. Verde antique pillars, of large size, formed of a single piece, and unbroken, were scattered along the shores. Near the harbour stood a lofty and elegant building, of which Lieutenant Porter took a drawing: from its situation and form it was supposed to have been a Pharos. The awning under which the party dined was spread on the site, and among the fallen columns of a temple of Jupiter, and a zest was given to the repast, by the classical ideas awakened by surrounding objects.

While in command of the Enterprise, and at anchor in the port of Malta, an English sailor came alongside and insulted the officers and crew by abusive language; Captain Porter overhearing the scurrilous epithets he vociferated, ordered a boatswain's mate to seize him and give him a flogging at the gangway. This well merited chastisement excited the indignation of the Governor of Malta, who considered it a daring outrage, and gave orders that the forts should not permit the Enterprise to depart. No sooner was Captain Porter informed of it, than he got his vessel ready for action, weighed anchor, and with lighted matches and every man at his station, with the avowed determination of firing upon the town if attacked, sailed between the batteries and departed unmolested.

Shortly after this occurrence, in passing through the Straits of Gibraltar, he was attacked by twelve Spanish gun boats, who either mistook, or pretended to mistake, his vessel for a British brig. The calmness of the weather, the weight of their metal, and the acknowledged accuracy of their aim, made the odds greatly against him. As soon, however, as he was able to near them, they were assailed with such rapid and well directed volleys as quickly compelled them to shear off. This affair took

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place in sight of Gibraltar, and in presence of several ships of the British navy; it was, therefore, a matter of notoriety, and spoken of in terms of the highest applause.

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After an absence of five years, passed in unremitted and arduous service, Captain Porter returned to the United States, and shortly after was married to Miss Anderson, daughter of the member of congress of that name, from Pennsylvania. Being appointed to the command of the flotilla, on the New Orleans station, he discharged, with faithfulness and activity, the irksome duty of enforcing the embargo and non-intercourse laws. He likewise performed an important service to his country, by ferretting out and capturing a pirate, a native of France, who, in a small well-armed schooner, had for some time infested the Chesapeake; and who, growing bolder by impunity, had committed many acts of depredation, until his maraudings became so serious as to attract the attention of government.

While commanding on the Orleans station, the father of Captain Porter died, an officer under his command. He had lived to see the wish of his heart fulfilled, in beholding his son a skilful and enterprising sailor, rising rapidly in his profession, and in the estimation of his country.

The climate of New Orleans disagreeing with the health of Captain Porter and his family, he solicited to be ordered to some other station, and was, accordingly, appointed to the command of the Essex frigate, at Norfolk.

At the time of the declaration of war against England, the Essex was undergoing repairs at New-York, and the celerity with which she was fitted for sea reflected great credit on her commander. On the 3d of July, 1312, he sailed from Sandy Hook on a cruise, which was not marked by any incident of consequence, excepting the capture of the British sloop of war Alert, Captain Laugharne. Either undervaluing the untried prowess of our tars, or mistaking the force of the Essex, she ran down on her weather quarter, gave three cheers and commenced an action. In a few minutes she struck her colours, being cut to pieces, with three men wounded, and seven feet water in her hold. To relieve himself from the great number of prisoners, taken in this and former prizes, Captain Porter made a cartel of the Alert, with

New-York. She arrived safe, being the first ship of war taken from the enemy, and her flag the first British flag sent to the seat of government during the present war.

Having returned to the United States and refitted, he again proceeded to sea, from the Delaware, on the 27th of October, 1812, and repaired, agreeably to instructions from Commodore Bainbridge, to the coast of Brazil, where different places of rendezvous had been arranged between them. In the course of his cruise on this coast he captured his Britannic majesty's packet Nocton, and after taking out of her about 11,000 pounds sterling in specie, ordered her for America. Hearing of Commodore Bainbridge's victorious action with the Java, which would oblige him to return to port, and of the capture of the Hornet by the Montague, and learning that there was a considerable augmentation of British force on the coast, and several ships in pursuit of him, he abandoned his hazardous cruising ground, and stretched away to the southward, scouring the coast as far as Rio de la From thence he shaped his course for the Pacific Ocean, and, after suffering greatly from want of provisions, and heavy gales off Cape Horn, arrived at Valparaiso, on the 14th of March, 1813. Having victualled his ship, he ran down the coast of Chili and Peru, and fell in with a Peruvian corsair, having on board twenty-four Americans, as prisoners, the crews of two whaling ships, which she had taken on the coast of Chili. The Peruvian captain justified his conduct on the plea of being an ally of Great Britain, and the expectation likewise of a speedy war between Spain and the United States. Finding him resolved to persist in similar aggressions, Captain Porter threw all his guns and ammunition into the sea, liberated the Americans, and wrote a respectful letter to the viceroy explaining his reasons for so doing, which he delivered to the captain. He then proceeded to Lima, and luckily recaptured one of the American vessels as she was entering the port.

After this he cruised for several months in the Pacific, inflicting immense injury on the British commerce in those waters. He was particularly destructive to the shipping employed in the spermaceti whale fishery. A great number with valuable cargoes

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were captured; two were given up to the prisoners; three sent to Valparaiso and laid up; three sent to America; one of them he retained as a storeship, and another he equipped with twenty guns, called her the Essex junior, and gave the command of her to Lieutenant Downes. Most of these ships mounted several guns, and had numerous crews; and as several of them were captured by boats or by prizes, the officers and men of the Essex had frequent opportunities of showing their skill and courage, and of acquiring experience and confidence in naval conflict.

Having now a little squadron under his command, Captain Porter became a complete terror in those seas. As his numerous prizes supplied him abundantly with provisions, clothing, medicine, and naval stores of every description, he was enabled for a long time to keep the sea, without sickness or inconvenience to his crew; living entirely on the enemy, and being enabled to make considerable advances of pay to his officers and crew without drawing on government. The unexampled devastation achieved by his daring enterprises, not only spread alarm throughout the ports of the Pacific, but even occasioned great uneasiness in Great Britain. The merchants, who had any property affoat in this quarter, trembled with apprehension for its fate; the underwriters groaned at the catalogue of captures brought by every advice, while the pride of the nation was sorely incensed at beholding a single frigate lording it over the Pacific, roving about the ocean in saucy defiance of their thousand ships; revelling in the spoils of boundless wealth, and almost banishing the British flag from those regions, where it had so long waved proudly predominant.

Numerous ships were sent out to the Pacific in pursuit of him; others were ordered to cruise in the China seas, off New Zealand, Timor and New Holland, and a frigate sent to the River La Plata. The manner in which Captain Porter cruised, however, completely baffled pursuit. Keeping in the open seas, or lurking among the numerous barren and desolate islands that form the Gallipagos groupe, and never touching on the American coast, he left no traces by which he could be followed; rumour, while it magnified his exploits, threw his pursuers at fault; they were distracted by vague accounts of captures made at different places, and of frigates

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supposed to be the Essex hovering at the same time off different coasts and haunting different islands.

In the mean while Porter, though wrapped in mystery and uncertainty himself, yet received frequent and accurate accounts of his enemies, from the various prizes which he had taken. Lieutenant Downes, also, who had convoyed the prizes to Valparaiso, on his return, brought advices of the expected arrival of Commodore Hillyar in the Phœbe frigate rating thirty-six guns accompanied by two sloops of war. Glutted with spoil and havoc, and sated with the easy and inglorious captures of merchantmen, Captain Porter now felt eager for an opportunity to meet the enemy on equal terms, and to signalize his cruise by some brilliant achievement. Having been nearly a year at sea, he found that his ship would require some repairs, to enable her to face the foe; he repaired, therefore, accompanied by several of his prizes, to the Island of Nooaheevah, one of the Washington groupe, discovered by a Captain Ingraham of Boston. Here he landed, took formal possession of the island in the name of the government of the United States, and gave it the name of Madison's Island. He found it large, populous and fertile, abounding with the necessaries of life; the natives in the vicinity of the harbour which he had chosen received him in the most friendly manner, and supplied him with abundance of provisions. During his stay at this place he had several encounters with some hostile tribes on the island, whom he succeeded in reducing to subjection. Having calked and completely overhaled the ship, made for her a new set of water casks, and taken on board from the prizes provisions and stores for upwards of four months, he sailed for the coast of Chili on the 12th December, 1813. Previous to sailing he secured the three prizes which had accompanied him, under the guns of a battery erected for their protection, and left them in charge of Lieutenant Gamble of the marines and twenty-one men, with orders to proceed to Valparaiso after a certain period.

After cruising on the coast of Chili without success, he proceeded to Valparaiso, in hopes of falling in with Commodore Hillyar, or, if disappointed in this wish, of capturing some merchant ships said to be expected from England. While at anchor at this port Commodore Hillyar arrived, having long been search-

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ing in vain for the Essex, and almost despairing of ever meeting Contrary to the expectations of Captain Porter, however, Commodore Hillyar, beside his own frigate, superior in itself to the Essex, was accompanied by the Cherub sloop of war, strongly armed and manned. These ships, having been sent out expressly to seek for the Essex, were in prime order and equipment, with picked crews, and hoisted flags bearing the motto "God and country, British sailors' best rights: traitors offend both." This was in opposition to Porter's motto of "Free trade and sailors' rights," and the latter part of it suggested doubtless, by error industriously cherished, that our crews are chiefly composed of English seamen. In reply to this motto Porter hoisted at his mizen, "God, our country, and liberty: tyrants offend them." On entering the harbour the Phæbe fell foul of the Essex in such manner as to lay her at the mercy of Captain Porter; out of respect, however, to the neutrality of the port, he did not take advantage of her exposed situation. This forbearance was afterwards acknowledged by Commodore Hillyar, and he passed his word of honour to observe like conduct while they remained in port. They continued therefore, while in harbour and on shore, in the mutual exchange of courtesies and kind offices that should characterize the private intercourse between civilized and generous And the crews of the respective ships often mingled together and passed nautical jokes and pleasantries from one to the other.

On getting their provisions on board the Phæbe and Cherub went off the port, where they cruised for six weeks, rigorously blockading Captain Porter. Their united force amounted to 31 guns and 500 men, in addition to which they took on board the crew of an English letter of marque lying in port. The force of the Essex consisted of but 46 guns, all of which, excepting six long twelves, were 32 pound carronades, only serviceable in close fighting. Her crew, having been much reduced by the manning of prizes, amounted to but 255 men. The Essex junior being only intended as a storeship, mounted ten 18 pound carronades and ten short sixes with a complement of only 60 men.

This vast superiority of force on the part of the enemy prevented all chance of encounter, on any thing like equal terms, unless by express covenant between the commanders. Captain Porter, therefore, endeavoured repeatedly to provoke a challenge, (the inferiority of his frigate to the Phæbe not justifying him in making the challenge himself,) but without effect. He tried frequently also to bring the Phœbe into single action; but this Commodore Hillyar warily avoided, and always kept his ships so close together as to frustrate Captain Porter's attempts. This conduct of Commodore Hillyar has been sneered at by many, as unworthy a brave officer: but it should be considered that he had more important objects to effect than the mere exhibition of individual or national prowess. His instructions were to crush a noxious foe, destructive to the commerce of his country; he was furnished with a force competent to this duty; and having the enemy once within his power, he had no right to waive his superiority, and, by meeting him on equal footing, give him a chance to conquer, and continue his work of destruction.

Finding it impossible to bring the enemy to equal combat; and fearing the arrival of additional force, which he understood was on the way, Captain Porter determined to put to sea the first opportunity that should present. A rendezvous was accordingly appointed for the Essex junior, and having ascertained by repeated trials that the Essex was a superior sailer to either of the blockading ships, it was agreed that she should let the enemy chase her off; thereby giving the Essex junior an opportunity of escaping.

On the next day, the 28th March, the wind came on to blow fresh from the southward, and the Essex parted her larboard cable and dragged her starboard anchor directly out to sea. Not a moment was lost in getting sail on the ship; but perceiving that the enemy was close in with the point forming the west side of the bay, and that there was a possibility of passing to windward, and escaping to sea by superior sailing, Captain Porter resolved to hazard the attempt. He accordingly took in his top gallant sails and braced up for the purpose, but most unfortunately on rounding the point a heavy squall struck the ship and carried away her main top mast, precipitating the men who were aloft into the sea, who were drowned. Both ships now gave chase, and the crippled state of his ship left Porter no alternative but to endeavour to

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regain the port. Finding it impossible to get back to the common anchorage, he ran close into a small bay about three quarters of a mile to leeward of the battery, on the east of the harbour, and let go his anchor within pistol shot of the shore. Supposing the enemy would, as formerly, respect the neutrality of the place, he considered himself secure, and thought only of repairing the damages he had sustained. The wary and menacing approach of the hostile ships, however, displaying their motto flags and having jacks at all their masts' heads, soon showed him the real danger of his situation. With all possible despatch he got his ship ready for action, and endeavoured to get a spring on his cable, but had not succeeded, when, at 54 minutes past 3 P. M. the enemy commenced an attack.

At first the Phœbe lay herself under his stern and the Cherub on his starboard bow; but the latter soon finding herself exposed to a hot fire, bore up and ran under his stern also, where both ships kept up a severe and raking fire. Captain Porter succeeded three different times in getting springs on his cables, for the purpose of bringing his broadside to bear on the enemy, but they were as often shot away by the excessive fire to which he was He was obliged, therefore, to rely for defence against this tremendous attack merely on three long twelve pounders, which he had run out of the stern ports; and which were worked with such bravery and skill as in half an hour to do great injury to both the enemy's ships and induce them to hale off and repair It was evidently the intention of Commodore Hillyar to risk nothing from the daring courage of his antagonist, but to take the Essex at as cheap a rate as possible. All his manœuvres were deliberate and wary; he saw his antagonist completely at his mercy, and prepared to cut him up in the safest and surest man-In the mean time the situation of the Essex was galling and provoking in the extreme; crippled and shattered, with many killed and wounded, she lay awaiting the convenience of the enemy, to renew the scene of slaughter, with scarce a hope of escape or revenge. Her brave crew, however, in place of being disheartened, were aroused to desperation, and by hoisting ensigns in their rigging and jacks in different parts of the ship, evinced their defiance and determination to hold out to the last.

The enemy having repaired his damages, now placed himself with both his ships, on the starboard quarter of the Essex, out of reach of her carronades, and where her stern guns could not be brought to bear. Here he kept up a most destructive fire, which it was not in Captain Porter's power to return; the latter, therefore, saw no hope of injuring him without getting under way and becoming the assailant. From the mangled state of his rigging he could set no other sail than the flying jib; this he caused to be hoisted, cut his cable, and ran down on both ships, with an intention of laying the Phæbe on board.

For a short time he was enabled to close with the enemy, and the firing on both sides was tremendous. The decks of the Essex were strewed with dead, and her cockpit filled with wounded; she had been several times on fire, and was in fact a perfect wreck; still a feeble hope sprung up that she might be saved, in consequence of the Cherub being compelled to hale off by her crippled state; she did not return to close action again, but kept up a distant firing with her long guns. The disabled state of the Essex, however, did not permit her to take advantage of this circumstance; for want of sail she was unable to keep at close quarters with the Phæbe, who, edging off, chose the distance which best suited her long guns, and kept up a tremendous fire, which made dreadful havoc among our crew. Many of the guns of the Essex were rendered useless, and many had their whole crews destroyed: they were manned from those that were disabled, and one gun in particular was three times manned; fifteen men were slain at it in the course of the action, though the captain of it escaped with only a slight wound. Captain Porter now gave up all hope of closing with the enemy, but finding the wind favourable, determined to run his ship on shore, land the crew, and destroy her. He had approached within musket shot of the shore, and had every prospect of succeeding, when in an instant the wind shifted from the land and drove her down upon the Phæbe, exposing her again to a dreadful raking fire. The ship was now totally unmanageable; yet as her head was toward the enemy, and he to leeward, Captain Porter again perceived a faint hope of boarding. At this moment Lieutenant Downes of the Essex junior came on board to receive orders, expecting that Captain Porter would soon be a prisoner. His services could be

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of no avail in the deplorable state of the Essex, and finding from the enemy's putting his helm up, that the last attempt at boarding would not succeed, Captain Porter directed him, after he had been ten minutes on board, to return to his own ship, to be prepared for defending and destroying her in case of attack. He took with him several of the wounded, leaving three of his boat's crew on board to make room for them. The Cherub kept up a hot fire on him during his return. The slaughter on board of the Essex now became horrible, the enemy continued to rake her, while she was unable to bring a gun to bear in return. Still her commander, with an obstinacy that bordered on desperation, persisted in the unequal and almost hopeless conflict. Every expedient that a fertile and inventive mind could suggest was resorted to, in the forlorn hope that they might yet be enabled by some lucky chance to escape from the grasp of the foe. A halser was bent to the sheet anchor, and the anchor cut from the bows, to bring the ship's head round. This succeeded; the broadside of the Essex was again brought to bear; and as the enemy was much crippled and unable to hold his own, Captain Porter thought she might drift out of gunshot before she discovered that he had anchored. The halser, however, unfortunately parted, and with it failed the last lingering hope of the Essex. The ship had taken fire several times during the action, but at this moment her situation was awful. She was on fire both forward and aft; the flames were bursting up each hatchway; a large quantity of powder below exploded, and word was given that the fire was near the magazine. Thus surrounded by horrors, without any chance of saving the ship, Captain Porter turned his attention to rescuing as many of his brave companions as possible. Finding his distance from the shore did not exceed three quarters of a mile, he hoped many would be able to save themselves should the ship blow up. His boats had been cut to pieces by the enemies' shot, but he advised such as could swim to jump overboard and make for shore. Some reached it—some were taken by the enemy, and some perished in the attempt; but most of this loyal and gallant crew preferred sharing the fate of their ship and their commander.

Those who remained on board now endeavoured to extinguish the flames, and having succeeded, went again to the guns and kept

up a firing for a few minutes; but the crew had by this time become so weakened that all further resistance was in vain. Captain Porter summoned a consultation of the officers of divisions, but was surprised to find only acting Lieutenant Stephen Decatur M'Knight remaining; of the others some had been killed, others knocked overboard, and others carried below disabled by severe The accounts from every part of the ship were deplorable in the extreme; representing her in the most shattered and crippled condition, in imminent danger of sinking, and so crowded with the wounded that even the birth deck could contain no more, and many were killed while under the surgeon's hands. In the mean while the enemy, in consequence of the smoothness of the water and his secure distance, was enabled to keep up a deliberate and constant fire, aiming with coolness and certainty as if firing at a target, and hitting the hull at every shot. utterly despairing of saving the ship, Captain Porter was compelled, at 20 minutes past 6 P. M. to give the painful order to strike the colours. It is probable the enemy did not perceive that the ship had surrendered, for he continued firing; several men were killed and wounded in different parts of the ship, and Captain Porter thinking he intended to show no quarter, was about to rehoist his flag and to fight until he sunk, when the enemy desisted his attack ten minutes after the surrender.

The foregoing account of this battle is taken almost verbatim from the letter of Captain Porter to the secretary of the navy. Making every allowance for its being a partial statement, this must certainly have been one of the most sanguinary and obstinately contested actions on naval record. The loss of the Essex is a sufficient testimony of the desperate bravery with which she was defended. Out of 255 men which comprised her crew, fifty-eight were killed; thirty-nine wounded severely; twenty-seven slightly, and thirty-one missing, making in all 154. She was completely cut to pieces, and so covered with the dead and dying, with mangled limbs, with brains and blood, and all the ghastly images of pain and death, that the officer who came on board to take possession of her, though accustomed to scenes of slaughter, was struck with sickening horror, and fainted at the shocking spectacle.

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Thousands of the inhabitants of Valparaiso were spectators of the battle, covering the neighbouring heights: for it was fought so near the shore that some of the shot even struck among the citizens, who, in the eagerness of their curiosity, had ventured down upon the beach. Touched by the forlorn situation of the Essex, and filled with admiration at the unflagging spirit and persevering bravery of her commander and crew, a generous anxiety ran throughout the multitude for their fate: bursts of delight arose when, by any vicissitude of battle, or prompt expedient, a chance seemed to turn up in their favour; and the eager spectators were seen to wring their hands, and uttered groans of sympathy, when the transient hope was defeated, and the gallant little frigate once more became an unresisting object of deliberate slaughter.

It is needless to mention particularly the many instances of individual valour and magnanimity among both the officers and common sailors of the Essex: their general conduct bears ample testimony to their heroism; and it will hereafter be a sufficient distinction for any man to prove that he was present in that battle. Every action that we have fought at sea has gone to destroy some envious shade which the enemy has attempted to cast on our rising reputation. After the affair of the Argus and the Pelican, it was asserted that our sailors were brave only while successful and unhurt, but that the sight of slaughter filled them with dismay. In this battle it has been proved that they are capable of the highest exercise of courage—that of standing unmoved among incessant carnage, without being able to return a shot, and destitute of a hope of ultimate success.

Though, from the distance and positions which the enemy chose, this battle was chiefly fought on our part by six twelve pounders only, yet great damage was done to the assailing ships. Their masts and yards were badly crippled, their hulls much cut up; the Phœbe, especially, received 18 twelve pound shot below her water line, some three feet under water. Their loss in killed and wounded was not ascertained, but must have been severe; the first lieutenant of the Phœbe was killed, and Captain Tucker, of the Cherub, was severely wounded. It was with some difficulty that the Phœbe and the Essex could be kept afloat until they anchored the next morning in the port of Valparaiso.

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Much indignation has been expressed against Commodore Hillyar for his violation of the laws of nations, and of his private agreement with Captain Porter, by attacking him in the neutral waters of Valparaiso; waiving all discussion of these points, it may barely be observed, that his cautious attack with a vastly superior force, on a crippled ship, which, relying on his forbearance, had placed herself in a most defenceless situation, and which for six weeks previous had offered him fair fight, on advantageous terms, though it may reflect great credit on his prudence, yet certainly furnishes no triumph to a brave and generous mind. Aware, however, of that delicacy which ought to be observed towards the character even of an enemy, it is not the intention of the writer to assail that of Commodore Hillyar. Indeed, his conduct after the battle entitles him to high encomium; he showed the greatest humanity to the wounded, and, as Captain Porter acknowledges, endeavoured as much as lay in his power to alleviate the distresses of war by the most generous and delicate deportment towards both the officers and crew, commanding that the property of every person should be respected. Captain Porter and his crew were paroled, and permitted to return to the United States in the Essex junior, her armament being previously taken out. On arriving off the port of New-York, they were overhaled by the Saturn razee, the authority of Commodore Hillyar to grant a passport was questioned, and the Essex junior detained. Captain Porter then told the boarding officer that he gave up his parole, and considered himself a prisoner of war, and as such should use all means of escape. In consequence of this threat the Essex junior was ordered to remain all night under the lee of the Saturn, but the next morning Captain Porter put off in his boat, though thirty miles from shore; and, notwithstanding he was pursued by the Saturn, effected his escape, and landed safely on Long Island. His reception in the United States has been such as his great services and distinguished valour deserved. The various interesting and romantic rumours that had reached this country concerning him, during his cruise in the Pacific, had excited the curiosity of the public to see this modern Sinbad; on arriving in New-York his carriage was surrounded by the poputace, who took out the horses, and dragged him, with shouts and acclamations, to his lodgings.

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The length to which this article has already been extended, notwithstanding the brevity with which many interesting circumstances have been treated, forbids any further remarks on the character and services of Captain Porter. They are sufficiently illustrated in the foregoing summary of his eventful life, and particularly in the history of his last cruise, which was conducted with wonderful enterprise, fertility of expedient, consummate seamanship, and daring courage. In his single ship he has inflicted more injury on the commerce of the enemy than all the rest of the navy put together; not merely by actual devastation, but by the general insecurity and complete interruption which he occasioned to an extensive and invaluable branch of British trade. action, also, though it terminated in the loss of his frigate, can scarcely be considered as unfortunate, inasmuch as it has given a brilliancy to his own reputation, and wreathed fresh honours around the name of the American sailor.

The Feast of the Poets, with Notes, and other pieces in verse.

By Leigh Hunt. 18mo. Republished by Van Winkle and
Wiley, New-York.

We have seldom seen a volume which comprises, in so small a compass, such a copious fund of literary entertainment. The Feast of the Poets is a poem in familiar verse, founded on the old idea of a visit of the god of poetry to his liege subjects upon earth, in which he receives the homage of all the living bards and bardlings of every degree; and after dismissing the herd of minor poets, whom he treats with various degrees of respect, he finally selects those who partake most largely of his inspiration, crowns them with the appropriate emblems of their genius, and feasts them with a most poetically brilliant repast. The groundwork of the poem is of Italian origin, and has been used in England as a vehicle for cotemporary satire by Suckling, Rochester, and Buckingham, three of the wits of the court of Charles II., whose

fashion has long ago gone by, and whose wit (for wit must be allowed them) was happily not sufficient to preserve their grossness from merited oblivion. This poem is followed, according to the fashion of our times, by a large number of notes of about ten times the size of the poem; in which the poet throws aside his lyre to seize the critical rod, brandishes it without ceremony over the heads of all his brother bards, decides very dictatorially upon their relative merits, and utters the boldest literary and critical opinions with the most amusing originality and self confidence.

The poem itself is a sprightly and vigorous frolick of the imagination, full of fancy and taste, and occasionally enlivened with the happiest humour.

At the same time, the grave critic who reads solely for the purpose of gratifying literary pride, and displaying his acuteness in mousing after faults, will not be disappointed in his object-he may here find plenty of this small game. Mr. Hunt, both in his poetry and his prose, is fond of certain idiomatic expressions, and simple old English words, which, however used, almost always have a very pleasing effect from the habitual associations which they have power to call up. This circumstance seems to have concealed from the author, as it certainly does from the cursory reader, the want of precision in thought and perspicuity of expression. We are presented with some vague and undefined . image or sentiment, conveyed in language so familiar to our most pleasing recollections, that we can seldom pause long enough to perceive that the sense is of that jack-o-lantern kind which plays lightly and brilliantly before the mind, but never suffers itself to be firmly grasped. We do not know whether we have succeeded in conveying our own meaning very perfectly; but if the reader will turn to the description of the person of Apollo, where he is described as

——"Blooming, and oval of cheek,
And youth down his shoulders went smoothing and sleek,
Yet his look with the reach of past ages was wise,
And the soul of eternity thought through his eyes," &c. &c.

or to the very magnificent and noble description of his transfiguration, where

And burst on the sight in the pomp of his blaze!"

he cannot fail to observe several lines, or at least several expressions, which will explain the intention of our criticism much more clearly than we can do by any general remarks. This is, in short, the same fault which, under the guidance of a very vitiated taste, and carried to a far greater excess, became so ridiculous in the Della Cruscan poets. The same remarks will apply with still greater force to our author's prose style.

Mr. Hunt, in the familiar parts of his poem, is often coarse, and his colloquial and idiomatic language becomes unnecessarily slovenly. He is, besides, much too careless in his versification, sometimes filling up his lines with idle expletives, as

----- "Yes, it is, I declare,
As long ago now as that Buckingham there:"

sometimes limping along with hobbling elisions, as

And leaving them, took a long dive to the nor'ard;"

and now and then indulging in the most careless and faulty rhymes, if, indeed, straw and for, or recommendations and patience, can be called rhymes at all.

"And t'other some lines he had made on a straw, Showing how he had found it, and what it was for," &c.

In a long poem these faults would be scarcely remarked, but in such an exquisite miniature as this, every line should be highly finished.

Still such is the charm of the poet's luxuriant and elegant fancy, which is in fact the predominant quality of his genius, and such, to use one of his own favourite phrases, the original freshness with which he exhibits every object, that a reader who is not unfortunately visited with that critical fastidiousness which is the bane of

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all the enjoyments of literature, may read this little volume again and again without noticing any of these minute defects.

The notes are full of every species of entertainment. We are alike amused, whether we resolutely rouse ourselves to examine or combat Mr. Hunt's round assertions and bold decisions on the merits of the popular poets of the day; or whether we more indolently give ourselves up to his direction, and calmly look on while he marshals and arranges the whole army of modern authors, from our own times to those of Fairfax and Spenser, with as much unflagging vivacity and as sprightly an air of self importance and authority as ever any brisk little dancing master displayed in directing the evolutions of a cotillion. Throughout the whole he discovers a natural sprightliness of mind, a native sensibility to the beauties of poetry, and a cultivated elegance of taste, all dashed with a considerable love of paradox, or rather with a strong desire of producing effect by constant boldness and originality of manner.

His general opinions on the peculiar characters and comparative merits of his cotemporaries are in the main similar to those which have been from time to time expressed in the Edinburgh Review, except that he attributes to Wordsworth the highest capabilities of poetic excellence, and represents him as being in posse, as the schoolmen would say, by far the greatest poet of the age. This is, to be sure, a most startling assertion. Our critic poet had, it seems, formerly treated Wordsworth with unmixed contempt; he has since been induced to alter his opinion of this musing and melancholy bard; and to make amends, he now with his usual decision bids him go at once to the head of his class, and promises him that if he will be a good lad and go out a little more into company, he will engage to keep him there. There is much ingenuity as well as some sound sense in his remarks on this subject, and it is impossible not to feel that there is a vein of natural sentiment in the wildest mopings of Wordsworth, which, if he could but be taught to substitute the simplicity of manly taste for that of infancy and dotage, is capable of being matured into the highest excellence.

The four worthies who are selected for the special favour of the God of Song are Scott, Southey, Moore, and Campbell; but the praise bestowed upon the two former is mixed with no small alloy of censure. We have at present no inclination to examine the soundness of these critical awards, and if we had, it would require a volume as large as the one we review.

It would be difficult to make any extract from this little poem which could give any thing like a just idea of its character; it must be read as a whole. But the style of the prose criticism may be judged of from the notes on Crabbe and on Spencer, Rogers and Montgomery, which we select, not as the ablest, but because they afford, in a short compass, a fair specimen of the author's ordinary manner, and of his peculiar literary opinions and taste in versification.

"These writers, though classed together, and equally denied admittance to Apollo's dinner table, either from ineligibility to his greater honours, or inability to sustain the strength of his wine, are, it must be confessed, of very unequal merits. Mr. Montgomery is, perhaps, the most poetical of the three, Mr. Rogers the best informed, and Mr. Spen-The first seems to write with cer the soonest pleased with himself. his feelings about him, the second with his books, the third with his recollections of yesterday, and his cards of invitation. The most visible defect of Mr. Montgomery, who appears to be an amiable man, is a sickliness of fancy, which throws an air of feebleness and lassitude on all that he says;—the fault of Mr. Rogers is direct imitation of not the best models, written in a style at once vague and elaborate. Pleasures of Memory—a poem, at best, in imitation of Goldsmith—is written in the worst and most monotonous taste of modern versification; to say nothing of the never-failing souls and controls, thoughts and fraughts, tablets, tracings, impartings, and all the endless commonplaces of magazine rhyming. Mr. Rogers, of late years, seems to have become aware of the defects of his versification, and attempted the other day to give his harp a higher and more various strain in the fragment upon Columbus; but the strings appear to have been in danger of snapping. It was ludicrous enough, however, and affords a singular instance of the habitual ignorance of versification in general, to find the Quarterly Review objecting to a line in this fragment, for running a syllable out of its measure, and attempting to snatch one of the finest graces of our older poetry.

"The best thing in Mr. Rogers's productions appears to me to be his Epistle to a Friend, describing a house and its ornaments. It has a good deal of elegant luxury about it, and seems to have been the best written because the most felt. Here he was describing from his own

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taste and experience, and not affecting a something which he had found in the writers before him."

"Mr. Crabbe is unquestionably a man of genius, possessing imagination, observation, originality: he has even powers of the pathetic and the terrible, but, with all these fine elements of poetry, is singularly deficient in taste; his familiarity continually bordering on the vulgar, and his seriousness on the morbid and the shocking. His versification, where the force of his thoughts does not compel you to forget it, is a strange kind of bustle between the lameness of Cowper and the slipshod vigour of Churchill, though I am afraid it has more of the former than the latter. When he would strike out a line particularly grand or melodious, he has evidently no other notion of one than what Pope or Darwin has given him. Yet even in his versification, he has contrived, by the colloquial turn of his language, and his primitive mention of persons by their christian as well as surname, to have an air of his own; and, indeed, there is not a greater mannerist in the whole circle of poetry, either in a good or bad sense. His main talent, both in character and description, lies in strong and homely pieces of detail, which he brings before you as clearly and to the life as in a camera obscura, and in which he has been improperly compared to the Dutch painters; for, in addition to their finish and identification, he fills the very commonest of his scenes with sentiment and an interest."

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Several smaller poems and translations are added at the end of the volume. Most of them are very well, but of no peculiar excellence; the last, however, entitled Politics and Poetics, though careless and unfinished, is a fine sport of fancy. The poet seems to have filled his mind with the fantastic sprites and fairies of the Midsummer's Night Dream, and since poetry and painting are said to be sister arts, this may be properly enough considered as a fit companion-piece for Fuseli's wildly beautiful picture of Titania and her train of fairies, goblins, and dapper elves.

In short, this volume must not be taken up with overstrained expectation, or read with the microscopic eye of fastidious criticism. If these conditions are honestly complied with, we do not hesitate to promise the good-humoured reader that he will find the Feast of the Poets an elegant repast of literary luxury.

We cannot close this article without noticing the freedom with which the author wanders from the public to the private character

of the subjects of his satire. He takes the same liberties with Mr. Canning, and "Old Brinsley, too, with whiskey dead alive," that he does with that "sour little gentleman, Mr. Gifford" and " sweet Billy Diamond a patting his hair up." In truth, the taste of the British public has become exceedingly depraved in this respect. From the style of some of their periodical and other publications,\* which surpass in vulgar abuse the worst of our political papers, it would seem, that what with the influence of their gross and licentious caricatures upon the mob, and that of such popular writings as the witty and classical lampoons of the Anti-Jacobin, the waspish little sarcasms of Gifford, and the droll scurrility of that arch old profligate Peter Pindar, upon the reading classes of society, they have lost the due sense of the delicacy and inviolability of private character. The author of the Feast of the Poets is seldom grossly personal or malignant; but if unluckily any American satirist should treat the great men of Europe, or even some of our own, with as little ceremony, wo betide him; the Quarterly Reviewers and the host of underling scribblers who reëcho their cry, would visit his sins with tenfold abuse, not only upon his own head but upon that of his country.

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<sup>\*</sup> Cobbett's Anti-Jacobin Review, Scourge, Satirist, &c. &c.

<sup>†</sup> The weekly paper, not the Review of that name, which has now nothing witty or classical about it.

### DR. JOHNSON.

[The subjoined extract from an original preface by Dr. Johnson, not inserted in his works, and never before published in this country, will be doubtless highly interesting to all the admirers of the great English moralist.]

The Rev. Mr. Maurice has appended to his Westminster Abbey, with other Occasional Poems, (just published by subscription, in large octavo, with three splendid engravings, of which one is the head of Sophocles, for 1l. 5s.) a free Translation of the Oedipus Tyrannus of Sophocles. It was written as an exercise, whilst the author was under the tuition of Dr. Parr, at Stanmore. Only a few copies of it were printed at the time. It had the good fortune "to pass under the eye of Dr. Samuel Johnson, who condescended to write the preface, which bears internal evidence of its origin." As this preface contains some remarks on the plan of this play, we doubt not that our readers will be obliged to us

for presenting them with it entire.

"The tragedy of which I have attempted to convey the beauties into the English language in a free translation, stands amidst the foremost of the classical productions of antiquity. Of tragical writing it has ever been esteemed the model and the masterpiece. The grandeur of the subject is not less eminent than the dignity of the personages who are employed in it; and the design of the whole can only be rivalled by that art with which the particular parts are conducted. The subject is a nation labouring under calamities of the most dreadful and portentous kind; and the leading character is a wise and mighty prince, expiating by his punishment the involuntary crimes of which those calamities were the effect. The design is of the most interesting and important nature; to inculcate a due moderation in our passions, and an implicit obedience to that Providence of which the decrees are equally unknown and irresistible.

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"So sublime a composition could not fail to secure the applause and fix the admiration of ages. The philosopher is exercised in the contemplation of its deep and awful morality; the critic is captivated by its dramatic beauties; and the man of feeling is interested by those strokes of genuine passion which prevail in almost every page—which every character excites, and every new event tends to diversify in kind or in degree.

"The three grand unities of time, place, and action, are observed with scrupulous exactness. However complicate its various parts may, on the first view, appear, on a nearer and more accurate examination, we find every thing useful, every thing necessary;

some secret spring of action laid open, some momentous truth inculcated, or some important end promoted: not one scene is superfluous, nor is there one episode that could be retrenched. The successive circumstances of the play arise gradually and naturally one out of the other, and are connected with such inimitable judgment, that if the smallest part were taken away, the whole would fall to the ground. The principal objection to this tragedy is, that the punishment of Oedipus is much more than adequate to his crimes: that his crimes are only the effect of his ignorance, and that, consequently, the guilt of them is to be imputed, not to Oedipus, but Apollo, who ordained and predicted them, and that he is only phabi reus, as Seneca expresses himself. In vindication of Sophocles, it must be considered that the conduct of Oedipus is by no means so irreproachable as some have contended; for, though his public character is delineated as that of a good king, anxious for the welfare of his subjects, and ardent in his endeavours to appease the gods by incense and supplication, yet we find him in private life choleric, haughty, inquisitive; impatient of control, and impetuous in resentment. His character, even as a king, is not free from the imputation of imprudence, and our opinion of his piety is greatly invalidated by his contemptuous treatment of the wise, the benevolent, the sacred Tiresias. rules of tragic art scarcely permit that a perfectly virtuous man should be loaded with misfortunes. Had Sophocles presented to our view a character less debased by vice, or more exalted by virtue, the end of his performance would have been frustrated; instead of agonizing compassion, he would have raised in us indignation unmixed, and horror unabated. The intention of the poet would have been yet more frustrated on the return of our reason, and our indignation would have been transferred from Oedipus to the gods themselves-from Oedipus who committed parricide, to the gods who first ordained, and then punished it. By making him criminal in a small degree, and miserable in a very great one, by investing him with some excellent qualities, and some imperfections, he at once inclines us to pity and to condemn. stinacy darkens the lustre of his other virtues; it aggravates his impiety, and almost justifies his sufferings. This is the doctrine of Aristotle and of nature, and shows Sophocles to have had an intimate knowledge of the human heart, and the springs by which it is actuated. That his crimes and punishment still seem disproportionate, is not to be imputed as a fault to Sophocles, who proceeded only on the ancient and popular notion of destiny; which we know to have been the basis of pagan theology.

"It is not the intention of the translator to proceed farther in a critical discussion of the beauties and defects of a tragedy which bath already employed the pens of the most distinguished com-

mentators; which hath wearied conjecture, and exhausted all the arts of unnecessary and unprofitable defence. This work will be found by the reader, what it is called by the writer, a free translation. The author was not fettered by his text, but guided by it; he has, however, not forgotten the boundaries by which liberal translation is distinguished from that which is wild and licentious. He has always endeavoured to represent the sense of his original, he hopes sometimes to have caught its spirit, and he throws himself without reluctance, but not without diffidence, on the candour of those readers who understand and feel the difference that subsists between the Greek and English languages, between ancient and modern manners, between nature and refinement, between a Sophocles who appeals to posterity, and a writer who catches at the capricious taste of the day."

## For the Analectic Magazine.

#### MAY DAY.

There is something inexpressibly pleasing to the heart as well as the imagination, in the rural sports and country festivals of our ancestors of the old world. Whether it be that they are naturally congenial to our tastes, or from being associated with the re-collection of our earliest youth, or because they are generally connected with some romantic superstition of fairy land-from the remoteness of their origin, or the patriarchal simplicity of their rites, there is a charm about them that is almost irresistible. Most of them were of pagan origin; but in the early ages of christianity, they became connected with the rites of the church. This was the case with the festival of the New Year which was kept among the northern nations long before the Christian era. The old reformers inveighed most bitterly against these holydays, but finding them too deeply rooted in the hearts of the people to be eradicated, contented themselves at last with giving them the air of religious festivals. Most of these rural anniversaries have been discontinued in this country, either because the people have become more enlightened, or that the first emigrants, being mostly rigid Puritans who abhorred every thing that looked like innocent recreation, neglected to instill a taste for these sports in the minds of their children. Whatever may be the cause, there is certainly less of that romantic superstition which furnishes the materials for popular poetry, and tradition, here, than in any other country whatever. I rather incline, however, to believe, that the dearth of these popular superstitions is owing to the green youth of our nation. Antiquity and obscurity are the genuine sources of the marvellous, and of both these we are as yet altogether destitute. Our history is but of yesterday, and of tradition we have scarce a vestige. There tute. Our history is but of yesterday, and of tradition we have scarce a vestige. There is, consequently, hardly a single well-authenticated case of the influence of fairies on record, or even traditionary, in the United States. Of witches we have some few, it is believed, still remaining in New England; and I remember one solitary instance of the appearance of the devil in the shape of a black dog, which is pretty well authenticated. Ghosts, however, are as plenty here as in any other part of the world. Every solitary churchyard is peopled with them. Sometimes they appear in the shape of headless horses; sometimes of headless men—and sometimes they are invisible, announcing their presence by some boding and ominous noise, such as the hooting of the Owl, or the whistling of the Whip-poor-will. They never change their fashions; the headless horses are always white, and the human spectres are invariably dressed in a winding sheet. The witches are, as usual, detected by having magic rings round their eyes, and keeping company with cats. It is well for certain ladies it did not happen that witchcraft was inferred from a fondness for lap dogs instead of cats. I know several who in that case would have laboured under terrible suspicions.

But in the most delightful portion of rural superstition we are sadly deficient. The little fairies never haunt our waving woods, that are worthy to be the abodes of the Fawns and the Dryads, nor dance on the margin of our streams, that are more clear and

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beautiful than the Thames, the Dee, or the Yarrow. No Robin Goodfellow plays his pranks with our milk maids—and the only trick I ever heard of, in which he was suspected of having a hand, was once tying the grass across a path through which a number of schoolboys were returning from evening school. They every one tript and fell flat on their noses, except one who happened to be behind the rest. This adventure was at first laid to the account of fairy influence. But the unlucky boy in the rear being detected in laughing, was suspected of the prank, and being the next day brought to

the ordeal of birch, confessed the whole.

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One of the rural festivals which has fallen into disuse in America is that of May Day, still kept up in many parts of Great Britain, though it has lost much of its splendour and dignity. It seems to have been founded on the idea that the presiding goddess of nature could be conciliated by offerings of her most beautiful productions, so as to bless them with a profusion of the fruits of the earth, and is undoubtedly of Heathen origin. The following account of the manner in which it was anciently celebrated is collected from sources which are probably not accessible to many of our readers, and will, therefore, we believe, be both novel and entertaining.

On the calends, or the first day of May, commonly called May-Day, the juvenile part of both sexes were wont to rise a little after mid-night, and walk to some neighbouring wood, accompany'd with musick and the blowing of horns; where they break down branches from the trees, and adorn them with nosegays and crowns of flowers. When this is done, they return with their booty homewards, about the rising of the sun, and make their doors and windows to triumph in the flowery spoil. The after-part of the day is chiefly spent in dancing round a tall poll, which is called a May-Poll; which, being placed in a convenient part of the village, stands there, as it were, consecrated to the goddess of flowers, without the least violation offer'd it, in the whole circle of the year. And this is not the custom of the British common people only, but it is the custom of the generality of other nations; particularly of the Italians, where Polydore Virgil tells us the youth of both sexes were accustomed to go into the fields, on the calends of May, and bring thence the branches of trees, singing all the way as they came, and so place them on the doors of their houses.

Stow tells us, in his Survey of London,\* that in the month of May, namely, on May-Day in the morning, every man, except impediment, would walk into the sweet meddowes and green woods, there to rejoice their spirits with the beauty and savour of sweet flowers, and with the harmony of birds praising God in their kinde.

He quotes from Hall an account of Henry the Eighth's riding a Maying from Greenwich to the high ground of Shooter's Hill, with Queen Katherine his wife, accompanied with many lords and ladies.

<sup>\*</sup> The Mayings, says Mr. Strutt, are in some sort yet kept up by the milk maids at London, who go about the streets with their garlands and music, dancing: but this tracing is a very imperfect shadow of the original sports; for May Poles were set up in the streets, with various martial shows, morrice-dancing, and other devices, with which, and revelling and good cheer, the day was passed away. At night they rejoiced and lighted up their bonfires. English Æra, vol. II. p. 99.

He further tells us, "I find also that in the month of May, the citizens of London (of all estates) lightly in every parish, or sometimes two or three parishes joining together, had their several Mayings,\* and did fetch in May-Poles with divers warlike shows, with good archers, morrice-dancers, and other devices for pastime all the day long; and towards the evening they had stage-plaies and bone-fires in the steets." And again he says, "in the reign of Henry the Sixth, the aldermen and sheriffs of London, being on May-Day at the Bishop of London's wood, and having there a worshipful dinner for themselves and other commers, Lydgate, the Monk of Bury, sent them, by a pursuivant, a joyful commendation of that season, beginning thus:

"Mighty Flora, goddess of fresh flow'rs, Which clothed hath the soil in lusty green, Made buds to spring with her sweet show'rs, By influence of the sun sheene, To do pleasance of intent full cleane, Unto the states which now sit here Hath Ver sent down her own daughter dear."

Mr. Borlase, in his curious account of the manners of Cornwall, tells us "an antient custom, still retained by the Cornish, is that of decking their doors and porches on the first of May with green sycamore and hawthorn boughs, and of planting trees, or rather stumps of trees, before their houses: and on May eve, they from towns make excursions into the country, and having cut down a tall elm, brought it into town, fitted a straight and taper pole to the end of it, and painted the same, erect it in the most public places, and on holydays and festivals adorn it with flower garlands, or insigns and streamers." He adds, "this usage is nothing more than a gratulation of the spring season; and every house exhibited a proper signal of its approach, to testify their universal joy at the revival of vegetation."

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The author of the pamphlet, entitled "The Way to Things by Words, and to Words by Things," in his specimen of an etimological vocabulary, considers the May-Pole in a new and curious

<sup>\*</sup>Mr. Pennant tells us, that on the first of May, in the Highlands of Scotland, the herdsmen of every village hold their bellein, a rural sacrifice: they cut a square trench in the ground, leaving the turf in the middle; on that they make a fire of wood, on which they dress a large caudle of eggs, butter, oat meal and milk, and bring besides the ingredients of the caudle, plenty of beer and whiskey; for each of the company must contribute something. The rites begin with spilling some of the caudle on the ground by way of libation: On that every one takes a cake of oat meal, upon which are raised nine square knobs, each dedicated to some particular being, the supposed preserver of their flocks and herds, or to some particular animal, the real destroyer of them: each person then turns his face to the fire, breaks off a knob, and flinging it over his shoulders, says, this I give to thee, preserve thou my horses; this to thee, preserve thou my sheep; and so on: After that they use the same ceremony to the noxious animals. This I give to thee, O, fox! spare thou my lambs; this to thee, O hooded crow! this to thee, O eagle! When the ceremony is over they dine on the caudle, and after the feast is finished, what is left is hid by two persons deputed for that purpose; but on the next Sunday they re assemble, and finish the reliques of the first entertainment. P. 91.

light: we gather from him that our ancestors held an anniversary assembly on May Day; the column of the May (whence our May-Pole) was the great standard of justice in the Ey-Commons, or Fields of May. Here it was that the people, if they saw cause, deposed or punished their governors, their barons, their kings.— The judge's bough or wand, (at this time discontinued, and only faintly represented by a trifling nosegay,) and the staff or rod of authority in the civil and in the military, (for it was the mace of civil power, and the truncheon of the field officers,) are both derived from hence. A mayor, he says, received his name from this May, in the sense of lawful power. The crown, a mark of dignity and symbol of power, like the mace and sceptre, was also taken from the May, being representative of the garland or crown, which, when hung on the top of the May or Pole, was the great signal for convening the people. The arches of it, which spring from the circlet and meet together at the mound or round ball, being necessarily so formed to suspend it on the top of the pole.

The word May-Pole, he observes, is a pleonasm; in French it

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This is, he farther tells us, one of the antientest customs, which from the remotest ages, has been by repetition from year to year, perpetuated down to our days, not being at this instant totally exploded, especially in the lower class of life. It was considered as the boundary day, that divided the confines of winter and summer, allusively to which, there was instituted a sportful war between two parties; the one in defence of the continuance of winter, the other for bringing in the summer. The youth were divided into troops, the one in winter livery, the other in the gay habit of the spring. The mock battle was always fought booty, the spring was sure to obtain the victory, which they celebrated by carrying triumphantly green branches with May flowers, proclaiming and singing the song of joy, of which the burthen was in these, or equivalent terms:

<sup>&</sup>quot;We have brought the summer home."

# POETRY.

Original. For the Analectic Magazine.

TELL-TALE EYES.

THINK not thy Lover to deceive, Veil'd in that close disguise, Do what thou wilt, he'll still believe Those babbling tell-tale eyes.

No matter what thy words conceal, Or what thy lip denies— Nor words, nor rosy lips reveal, The truth like tell-tale eyes.

Go, wouldst thou with a vestal care,
The dangerous truth disguise,
Ope not thy perjured lips to swear,
But shut thy tell-tale eyes.

They are the mirrors of thy breast, In which the gazer spies Thy thoughts in transit, or at rest, Within those tell-tale eyes.

Not the pure bottom of a well, Nor the yet purer skies, Does vestal truth love half so well, As those blue tell-tale eyes.

#### LINES,

WRITTEN IN REMEMBRANCE OF A LADY, THE AUTHOR SAW BUT ONCE.

SHE glanc'd before my gazing eye,
Like shooting star one summer night,
Leading athwart the azure sky,
A train of pure and living light.

Then fled as quickly from my view,
And left no beauteous trace behind,
Of the bright path in which she flew,
Save only in my musing mind.

There memory garners up the smile, So faint—a smile it hardly seem'd, That on her red lip staid awhile, Then in her blue eye mildly beam'd.

And there the voice is treasured well,
That stole like music to my ear,
When the far sound in distant dell
We hear, yet scarcely seem to hear.

And there the look that last she gave,
That seem'd in gentle phrase to tell,
If never more, this side the grave,
We met again, she wish'd me well.

And there false Hope, that tells such lies!
Oft whispers in my partial ear,
This gentle star again will rise,
Again my pensive heart will cheer.

But should hard chance or bitter fate,
That o'er our pains and pleasures reign,
In this dark sphere, this feverish state,
Ordain we ne'er shalt meet again,

Still whisper Hope, when time is o'er, When stopp'd life's ever ebbing tide, You'll meet that gentle star once more, In Heav'n, where all the stars abide.

#### THE ARABIAN DESERTED VILLAGE.

AN ELEGY BY LEBID BEN RABIAT ALAMARY.

THE author of this poem was a native of Yeman. He was cotemporary with Mohammed, and already celebrated as a poet when the prophet began to promulgate his doctrines. Lebid for a while united with the other Arabian wits, in ridiculing the new faith; but at length, about the sixth year of the Hejra, he declared himself a convert.

The cause of his conversion, as related by several writers, appears not inconsistent with his poetical character

It was customary at that time, amongst the poets in Arabia, to affix to the portal of the temple of Mecca any composition which they thought possessed superior excellence, as a sort of challenge; and whoever accepted the challenge, placed his own production near his antagonist's, by which means the public were enabled to examine and decide upon the merits of each.

Lebid having written a moral poem which was greatly admired, affixed it, according to the prevailing custom, to the gate of the Caaba; for some time no person attempted to rival a composition which had obtained such universal approbation; but at length Mohammed produced the chapter of the Koran entitled Becret, and exhibited his pretended revelation upon the gate of the temple, by the side of Lebid's poem. Lebid was one of the foremost to read his opponent's works; he had not however perused many verses before he exclaimed, "No one could write these words without the inspiration of God," and immediately embraced Mohammedanism.

He now renounced all profane poetry, and, resolving to consecrate his talents to the service of religion, employed his pen, from this time, either upon subjects of piety, or in answering the sarcastic pieces which Amriolkais and the other Arabian poets were continually pouring forth. By this means he rendered himself extremely serviceable to Mohammed, and was always treated by him with the utmost distinction.

Lebid fixed his abode in the city of Cufa, where he died at a very advanced age. His last words are still preserved, and it must be confessed they breathe more the spirit of a wit than that of a devotee; they were as follows:

"I am going to enjoy the novelty of death, but it is a novelty by no means agreea-

This elegy, as is evident from its nature, must have been written previous to Lebid's change of religion. Its subject is one that must be ever interesting to a feeling mind—the return of a person, after a long absence, to the place where he had spent his early years—it is in fact an Arabian Deserted Village.

THOSE dear abodes which once contain'd the fair,
A midst MITATA's wilds I seek in vain,
Nor towers, nor tents, nor cottages are there,
But scatter'd ruins and a silent plain.

The proud canals that once RAYANA grac'd,
Their course neglected and their waters gone,
Among the levell'd sands are dimly trac'd,
Like moss-grown letters on a mouldering stone.

RAYANA say, how many a tedious year

Its hallow'd circle o'er our heads hath roll'd,

Since to my vows thy tender maids gave ear,

And fondly listen'd to the tale I told?

How oft, since then, the star of spring, that pours A never failing stream, hath drench'd thy head? How oft the summer cloud in copious showers Or gentle drops its genial influence shed?

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How oft, since then, the hovering mist of morn
Hath caus'd thy locks with glittering gems to glow?
How oft hath eve her dewy treasures borne
To fall responsive to the breeze below?

The matted thistles, bending to the gale,
Now clothe those meadows once with verdure gay;
Amidst the windings of that lonely vale
The teeming Antelope and Ostrich stray:

The large ey'd mother of the herd, that flies
Man's noisy haunts, here finds a sure retreat,
Here tends her clustering young, till age supplies
Strength to their limbs and swiftness to their feet.

Save where the swelling stream hath swept those walls,
And giv'n their deep foundations to the light,
(As the retouching pencil that recalls
A long-lost picture to the raptur'd sight.)

Save where the rains have wash'd the gather'd sand,
And bar'd the scanty fragments to our view,
(As the \*dust sprinkled on a punctur'd hand
Bids the faint tints resume their azure hue.)

No mossy record of those once lov'd seats
Points out the mansion to inquiring eyes;
No tottering wall, in echoing sounds, repeats
Our mournful questions and our bursting sighs.

Yet midst those ruin'd heaps, that naked plain, Can faithful memory former scenes restore, Recall the busy throng, the jocund train, And picture all that charm'd us there before.

Ne'er shall my heart the fatal morn forget
That bore the fair ones from these seats so dear—
I see, I see the crowding litters yet,
And yet the tent poles rattle in my ear.

<sup>\*</sup> It is a custom with the Arabian women, in order to give the veins of their hands and arms a more brilliant appearance, to make slight punctures along them, and to rub into the incisions a blue powder, which they renew occasionally as it happens to wear out.

I see the maids with timid steps ascend,
The streamers wave in all their painted pride,
The floating curtains every fold extend,
And vainly strive the charms within to hide.

What graceful forms those envious folds enclose!
What melting glances through those curtains play!
Sure Weira's Antelopes, or Tudah's Roes
Through yonder veils their sportive young survey.

The bandmov'd on—to trace their steps I strove;
I saw them urge the camel's hastening flight,
Till the white \*vapour, like a rising grove,
Snatch'd them forever from my aching sight.

Nor since that morn have I NAWARA seen,
The bands are burst which held us once so fast,
Memory but tells me that such things have been,
And sad Reflection adds that they are past.

\* The vapour here alluded to, called by the Arabians Serab, is not unlike in appearance (and probably proceeding from a similar cause) to those white mists which we often see hovering over the surface of a river in a summer's evening after a hot day. They are very frequent in the sultry plains of Arabia, and, when seen at a distance, resemble an expanded lake; but upon a nearer approach, the thirsty traveller perseives his deception.

## DOMESTIC LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

Thomas B. Wait and Sons, of Boston, propose to publish a collection of the state papers and public documents of the United States, relating to their intercourse with foreign nations, from the period of the accession of Mr. Jefferson to the presidency. As it most unfortunately happens that instead of a regular annual register, which, for the credit of the country, as well as for its great utility, we ought certainly to have had, we have nothing more than a broken series of abortive attempts at such a publication, we think this proposed collection of state papers not only highly useful, but, in fact, almost indispensable to our public men, and, indeed, to every man of education who takes an interest in the history and politics of his coun-The publishers promise that nothing shall be omitted, and that no political remarks shall be made. It is intended to be merely a book of commodious reference, on the plan of Debrett's State Papers. This is as it should be; and we confidently trust that no narrow, party feeling will induce them to swerve from this laudable impartiality. It is to be printed with a copious index, in three or four octavo volumes, of about 500 pages each.

The same booksellers propose to publish, by subscription, a uniform and elegant edition of all Cicero's writings, in the best English translations, together with his life by Middleton, and some valuable tracts connected with it. This is a spirited undertaking. We should not have supposed that there was any demand which could warrant such a publication; but the booksellers are the best judges in these matters, and if, in the present instance, they are right in their judgment, it will only afford an additional proof to those which are every day afforded of the increase of literary curiosity and good taste in the great body of the reading public in the United States. In this instance, as in several others, we have anticipated the enterprise of the British booksellers. There is no uniform English edition of the translations of Cicero's works. A friend of ours some time ago sent out an order to London for a complete set of these translations. It was executed with some difficulty; and when they arrived a squeamish book collector would not have been a little shocked by the motley and irregular appearance of the set. It would be ridiculous to attempt to recommend this undertaking by any eulogy of Cicero, a writer to whom the common suffrage of the learned world for nearly two thousand years has awarded the palm of every species of eloquence. No translation has yet done full justice to the elevation, the harmony, and the grace of his style; but, though these flowers of language may fade when transplanted to another soil, there must always remain a solid and imperishable trunk of sound learning and rich sense.

This edition is to be introduced by the life of the author, by Dr. Conyers Middleton, a writer who, in spite of Pope's sneer at his

So Latin, and yet so English all the while,"

has secured to himself the rank of a second rate English classic, and is one of those authors whom we always expect to see in every library next after the works of Shakspeare and Milton, of Addison and Johnson, and the other Dii majorum gentium of British literature. Several minor critical tracts are to be added to this life. We know little of the principal

ones which are mentioned, but we doubt not that they are judiciously chosen. These are to be followed by the best English translations of Cicero, including those of Melmoth, Guthrie, Middleton, Jones, and M'Cartney. Melmoth is an excellent translator, and his notes are filled with agreeable scholarship. We have no acquaintance with any of the other translations, except that of Guthrie, which we recollect to have looked at three or four years ago, and then thought it feeble and inelegant. It is, however, faithful enough, and is, probably, the best English version of the orations.

The publication will be arranged and superintended by the Rev. Joseph M·Kean, Professor of Rhetoric and Oratory in Harvard University, and will be comprised in fifteen or sixteen volumes 8vo. averaging from 400 to 500 pages each. The price to subscribers, two dollars and fifty cents a volume, in extra boards.

Boston edition of Dr. Reid's Works, with notes by American editors.—After a long delay the second volume of this edition has at length been published. It is a remarkable fact, and one which ought to be made known to the transatlantic despisers of American literature, that the first complete editions of the entire works of Reid, Paley, and Beattie, were collected and published in the United States. The notes of the American editors of Reid are very well, but we confess we could quite as well have spared them, and we can see no particular necessity for any of those yet published. Yet we must not pronounce judgment precipitately. The editors intimate that they reserve their remarks chiefly for Reid's last work on the active powers. We presume that they intend to combat his opinions on liberty and necessity. If this is well and simply done, by giving a concise statement of the opposite side of the argument, it will increase the value of the edition. But we earnestly exhort the editors to beware of defacing the pages of this profound and original thinker with empty declamation on the familiar, commonplace topics of metaphysical discussion.

Sermons by the late Rev. I. S. Buckminster. 8vo. Boston.—In a literary point of view, this is one of the most valuable original publications which have for some years issued from the American press. Mr. Buckminster's religious opinions were of the same class with those which are now very prevalent in many parts of Massachusetts, and are denominated by their opponents Socinian, and termed by their friends Catholic or Liberal. There must, of course, exist a very wide difference of opinion as to the theological merit of this publication. But as the opinions of the author are rather to be inferred from what is passed over in silence, than from any thing actually expressed, whatever may be thought of these compositions as sermons, we have no hesitation to recommend them in the strongest manner as moral essays. We have not had leisure to read the volume with that deliberation and critical accuracy which we deem necessary to enable us to give a formal criticism on the character and style of such a work. It appears to us, however, that the distinguishing characteristics of Mr. Buckminster's writings are, great fertility and accuracy of thought, delieacy of taste, a certain calmness of manner, a little resembling that of Paley, but united with a more feminine elegance, and which, while it but seldom strongly excites the feelings, has an inexpressible power of engaging the attention—much felicity of illustration, and a considerable degree of ornament, but so far removed from every thing gaudy and florid that the first effect of his compositions upon a hasty reader is that of the utmost simplicity. His style is equable and flowing, and reminds us a good deal of that of Dugald Stewart, though it wants much of the richness and

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magnificence of his smooth and full stream of expanded eloquence. When we say that Buckminster but seldom strongly excites the feelings, we must, at the same time, observe, that he has a remarkable power of impressing the mind with a tender solemnity, which has sometimes the effect of pathos, and now and then even approaches to sublimity. Some of the sermons on the internal evidences of christianity display much ingenuity

of argument, and are in the best manner of Paley.

To the sermons is prefixed a short sketch of the life of their author, by one of his most intimate friends. We have seldom read a narrative of greater interest. The vivid picture which it displays of the life and study of a young scholar, ardent in the pursuit of knowledge, and most indefatigable in his application, struggling with infirm health, and weighed down by the dismal apprehension of the most awful of human calamities—the derangement of reason—is singularly interesting and pathetic. Mr. B. died before his 28th year, and we do not know of any man of our own times who had, at that early age, acquired a greater stock of various learning, or produced a more powerful impression upon the public mind. We cannot close this brief article without remarking the great accuracy of style which is discernible in this volume. This quality is so rare in posthumous publications, and, indeed, in all publications not revised in the proof by the author himself, or else carefully corrected by him after some interval had elapsed from the time of composition, that, if it is not owing in this instance (as we partly suspect it is) to the friendly care of the editor, it ought to be noted as a remarkable peculiarity in the literary character of Mr. Buckminster.

We are happy to observe that amidst the din of arms the interests of learning have not been forgotten. The munificence of the great states of New-York and Massachusetts to their several collegiate establishments are known to most of our readers. This has lately called forth two splendid instances of private liberality. The University of Cambridge, (Mass.) has received, from an unknown benefactor, the sum of 20,000 dollars towards founding a Greek professorship; and the Rev. Mr. Van Benschouten, of Ulster county, (N. Y.,) has lately presented 14,500 dollars to Queen's College, (New Jersey,) to be applied to the endowment of the theological faculty in that institution.

Life of Barlow.—We have been asked how we defend the use of the phrase, incompatible with an enlightened philosopher, in the life of Barlow in the last number of this magazine. We do not defend it at all. It arises from a slight error of the press. The phrase intended to be used was, incompatible with an enlightened philosophy. The reader may also correct, in the same page, (144.,) the words sat off by substituting set off. We are not very studious of this minute accuracy, and should not have noticed this last error had we not remarked the confusion of the words sit and set, as well as of lie and lay, to be of frequent occurrence among our writers or printers. Having corrected these verbal mistakes, it may be as well for the author to correct some others in facts.

Barlow's oration on the 4th of July, 1787, upon a second perusal, appears entitled to higher praise than was bestowed upon it. Another oration delivered by him at Washington, July 4, 1809, has been omitted in the list of his writings, a neglect which it by no means deserved, for it possesses a vein of original thinking very uncommon in productions of this class. Mr. Barlow did not build, but purchased the house at Washington, where he resided; -and in saying that "Barlow was the first poetical ambassador since the days of Prior," the author did not recollect the Duke de Nivernois, Lord Strangford, and our own countryman, Colonel Hum-

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## FOREIGN PHILOSOPHICAL INTELLIGENCE.

Preparation of the lately discovered new substance called Iode, which possesses the singular property of becoming converted into a beautiful violet-coloured gas by the mere application of heat. By Mr. FREDERICK ACCUM.

As this substance, to which the name of iode has been given, has within these few weeks arrested the attention of chymists, and as the mode of obtaining it has not yet been published in this country, I take this opportunity of stating, that it may be procured by distilling, with a very gentle heat, the uncrystallizable saline mass which is obtained, or left behind, after separating all the crystallizable salts from a lixivium or solution of kelp, or Spanish barilla of commerce.

For the purpose of experiment or exhibition in a lecture room, the following

easy process answers exceedingly well:

Take a thin glass tube about ten or twelve inches long, and three eighths of an inch in the bore; put into it about one dram of the uncrystallizable residue before mentioned, previously fused for a few minutes, to free it as much as possible from water, and reduced to a coarse powder; add to it, without soiling the inside of the tube,\* about half its weight of concentrated sulphuric acid: shake the whole together, and apply a gentle heat, by means of a taper or lamp. This being done, a dense white vapour will make its appearance, and a black glistening powder, which is iode, become sublimed in the colder part of the tube. Then cut to a convenient length, with a file, that part of the tube which contains the iode, and seal the extremities of it by means of the blow-pipe or spirit-lamp.

The preparation of iode upon a larger scale is equally simple and easy. Let a long slender-necked tubulated retort be placed in a sand-bath; surround the whole body of the retort up to the tubulure with sand, and adapt, without luting, to the beak of it, a wide-mouthed phial or receiver. This being done, introduce through the tubulure, first, one part of sulphuric acid, and then two parts of the saline mass before mentioned, broken into small pieces of the size of split pease, and distil for a few minutes with a gentle heat. The iode will become sublimed into the neck of the retort in a crystalline form, exhibiting a black shining crust. Cut off the neck of the retort with a file, and collect the iode by means of a feather or camel's hair brush.

If the whole of the saline mass of kelp or barilla, freed from carbonate of soda only, and which of course consists of muriate of soda, muriate of potash, sulphate of potash, hydrosulphuret of potash, &c. be treated with sulphuric acid, the preparation

of iode becomes more embarrassing and difficult.

Roman Costume .- A work is announced, by subscription, in England, entitled Roman Costume, from the latter period of the republic to the close of the Empire in the East, by a Graduate of the University of Oxford, and F. S. A. The valuable discovery of paintings and bronzes, by the excavations at Herculaneam, afford authentic originals for the dress at the beginning of the empire The column of Trajan presents many specimens in the commencement of the following century, as does that of Antonine for the middle of it. The Arch of Severus begins the succeeding one; that of Constantine the next; and the column of Theodosius the middle of the following one. Other pieces of sculpture, dyptics, and coins, fill up the intermediate times, and extend it to the end of the Empire of the West. That assiduous collector, Du Cange, and others, lend their able assistance towards the pursuit of costume in the Eastern Empire; and its latter periods have survived the ravages of time in illuminations on vellum, illustrating the literary productions of the age. The correct colours of the Roman dress are to be found, not only by a reference to the notices of their authors, but in the Herculaneum paintings, tesselated pavements, and Greek manuscripts.

This may be done conveniently, by sucking the acid up with the mouth into a long small glass tube drawn out to a capillary point, applying the finger to the upper orifice of it, and thus transferring by means of it the acid into the larger tube.